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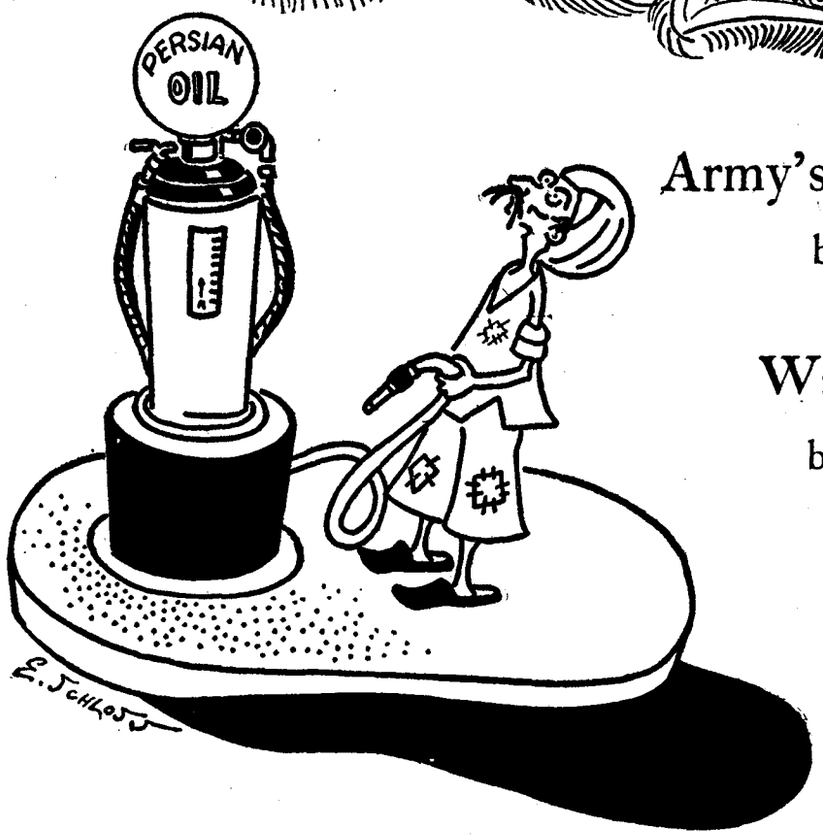

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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For an End to Slander

THE CHARTER of the United Nations Organization begins:

"We the people of the United Nations, determined to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war . . . and to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person . . . and for these ends to practise tolerance and live together in peace with one another as good neighbors, resolve . . . to establish . . . the United Nations."

One basic human right, the right of an individual and the right of a people, should be protection from slander.

Without protection from slander, how are peoples to live in peace with one another as good neighbors?

Under constant slander and abuse, how can faith and trust be created in the UNO? How can the UNO live?

For months the air has been fouled by slanderous distortions of the aims of the United Nations until it is hard to believe that the peoples of Britain, of America, of the USSR, of Iran and China, are peaceful, law-abiding citizens who want to live as part of one, united world.

March 23 is a typical day in the life and times of slander.

In Boston, George H. Earle, former Governor of Pennsylvania, and former Minister to Bulgaria, returned to the USA to call the USSR "the greatest danger that ever threatened America." He dedicated himself to "making America realize what a frightful menace we have in Russia." He asserted that Russia should be given an ultimatum "to get back to her own territory, and if they refused I would use the atomic bomb on them while we have it and before they get it. If Russia had the atomic bomb there would be few Americans left today."

"Russia," Earle added, "has made a farce out of the UNO. Russia has hamstrung the UNO so that it cannot do anything."

On the same day the Moscow radio declared that "democracy as never before is being made the object of shameless demagogy." Commentator Mikhailov attacked Britain's "diehard gentlemen" in a broadcast called "Hypocrites in sham feathers." "The purpose of these demagogues," Mikhailov said, is "to instigate war on the Soviet Union."

In Boston, Earle added "All we have done is to give up our best young lives' blood to destroy two medium-sized gangsters as master of Europe and Asia in order to set up a giant gangster in their places."

In Moscow commentator Volynsky attacked the "democratization of Japan." "The thing has been put into the hands of the man principally responsible for Japan's association with the fascist Axis."

Earle's wild charges are echoed every hour in Congress, from a thousand pulpits of the Catholic Church, in the isolationist press. *Pravda*, *Izvestia* and the Moscow radio daily expand the thesis that the Western

CONTENTS

Editorials

For an End to Slander 427
What's Ahead for Labor 429
America's Loan Program 430
Atomic Scrub Team 431
Political Roundup 432

General Articles

The Finnish Paradox . . . Sidney Sulkin 433
The Army's Mental Goose-Step . . . . . Herbert Mitgang 434
The Tragedy of the DP's . . Gerold Frank 436
Washington: Politics and Punch . . . . . Ralph G. Martin 438
California Doesn't Worry . . Bruce Bliven 440
Jackson's First Year . Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. 441
Washington Notes . . . . . T. R. B. 445
Rootless Roots . . . . . Stark Young 446
The Bandwagon 447

Correspondence 447

Books in Review

Dreiser: The Last Chapter . George Mayberry 449
No Longer Lost . . . . . Percy Winner 450
Unions Now . . . . . Paul M. Sweezy 452
An Orvil Bore . . . . . James Stern 452
What's in Store . . . . . G. S. 454

New Republic News 454

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peoples are warlike and bloated capitalists sharpening their knives for the day of reckoning with the workers' fatherland.

The Soviet statements that we quote are certainly more reasonable than the charges of George Earle. But Earle does not speak for the government of the United States. The price that we pay for freedom of speech is irresponsibility and distortion in our press. The price that the USSR pays for communism is the stamp of official approval on every charge that Soviet citizens level at their allies. It is necessary to expose the groups that are working for a new war. But to interpret every Allied action in terms of anti-Soviet designs and to brand every critic, from Ernest Bevin to Secretary Byrnes, a warmonger, can only prevent world understanding and confuse the groups that are working for peace.

If the UNO is to live and grow, its members must "practise tolerance" and live "as good neighbors." Criticism does not mean slander. Charges of warmongering, tyranny and bad faith should be backed by proof or not be made from now on.

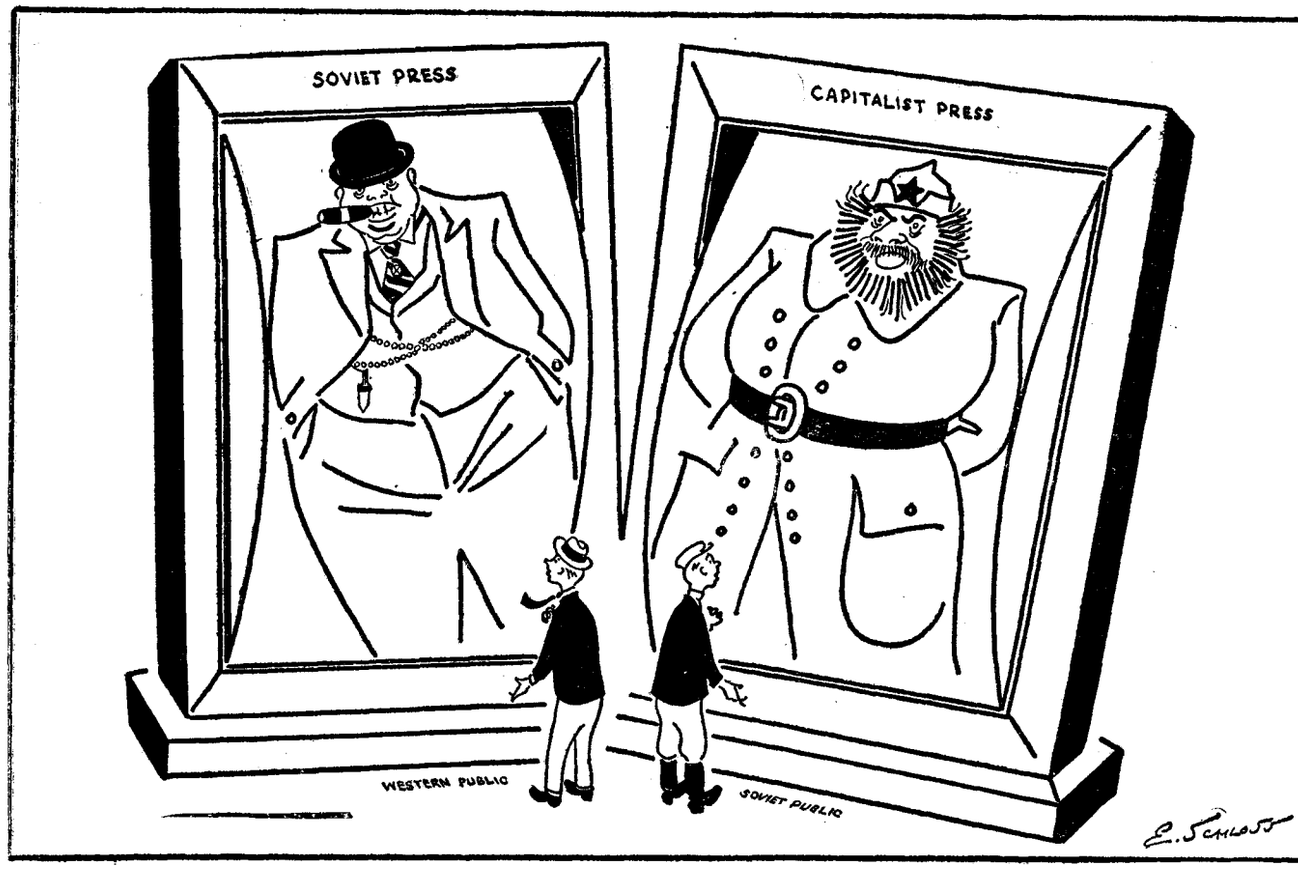
But it would be utopian to ask nations voluntarily to end slander. Individuals are protected against domestic slander and libel by national law. Why should not individuals and peoples be protected against international slander and libel by international law?

The Commission on Human Rights of the Social and Economic Council is about to meet, to prepare a World Bill of Rights for the Assembly. We propose that these rights should include protection against slander and libel, written into statutory law by the Assembly and enforced by the International Court of Justice, before which individuals and states would appear to present their cases.

LaGuardia's Hungry World

We predict that there never will be a dull moment at UNRRA's headquarters, now that Fiorello H. LaGuardia is to occupy the Director General's chair vacated by the heartsick Herbert H. Lehman. "The Little Flower" will not smell nearly so sweet to some of the 47 member nations of UNRRA. This is good for the hungry people of the world and bad for the diplomatic double-talkers who can't understand that striped pants cannot fill empty bellies. Without wilting, "Butch" LaGuardia will speak his mind, and it won't be in the language of suave diplomacy which has hampered UNRRA's work on too many occasions. He will get things done. He will move supplies. He will raise hell, heaven and earth to fulfill UNRRA's commitments. We feel certain that he will temporarily revive UNRRA, lately cast in the role of a dying duck by Assistant Secretary of State Will Clayton. Clayton told the UNRRA Council in Atlantic City last week that the United States will withdraw from UNRRA as such at the close of 1946 for Europe, and March, 1947, for China. The absence of America's $1,350 million contribution, representing 72 percent of UNRRA's total budget, will mean its demise.

The choice of LaGuardia—amidst charges that



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Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and Poland were not getting enough food quickly enough—was a good one. It will give a lift to Europe's letdown people, among whom he enjoys great popularity, and it will also boost the morale of UNRRA personnel, a much maligned but self-sacrificing and hard-working group.

Last but not least, LaGuardia will be tough enough to deal with the stickiest problem of all—how to sell America on a food-rationing revival, a movement now endorsed by some of the most powerful labor, church and women's organizations.

Get in there and pitch, Butch.

Pogrom in Tennessee

More than sixty religious, racial and labor groups have banded together to resist the new pattern in oppression projected by the recent Negro "pogrom" in Columbia, Tennessee. The situation was bad enough when Negro persecution depended on the lynch mob, passively supported by local authorities. Now the danger arises that state officials themselves will assume the burden of Negro terrorism.

In Columbia a Negro war veteran and his mother were beaten by a white mob after having been insulted by a white store clerk. The lynch spirit was up, but this time the Negroes were determined to defend themselves. They retired to their section of town and fired back at a carload of whites who drove into the area. State police then began a reign of terror that has its equal only in Gestapo annals. They wrecked Negro homes and businesses, arrested some hundred Negroes —many of them not involved in the shooting—and viciously maltreated the prisoners, killing two and wounding one. Observers returning from Columbia report that the Negroes, far from being cowed at the developments, are eager to combat this senseless attack, and are holding mass meetings in defiance of white threats. This is sensational for such a small town as Columbia, and symptomatic of the militant spirit sweeping the South. An increasingly larger proportion of Southern whites are becoming disgusted at anti-Negro hysteria. They are taking a leading part in the campaign of the sixty-odd liberal groups to rouse America against the danger of Hitler tactics.

—And the Part Politics Plays

In response to public opinion, Attorney General Tom Clark has ordered a federal grand jury to find out whether the state guard and local police acted in violation of constitutional civil rights. Eleanor Bontecou, the Justice Department representative who will work with the grand jury, is an excellent choice. However, there are signs that Clark would like nothing better than to see the affair die a slow and gradual death. The trouble is politics. Clark owes his appointment to Senator Connally of Texas, who is very close to Senator McKellar of Tennessee. McKellar, up for reëlection this year, depends for his votes on Boss Crump's machine. Lynn Bomar, head of the Tennessee Department of Safety, is Crump's man. Because of McKellar's tie-up with Connally, Clark is not anxious to unloose fireworks that may embarrass McKellar's campaign. Pressure forced Clark to ask for the grand-jury investigation. It will take more pressure to get further results.

In Tennessee itself, a county grand jury at Columbia is trying to throw the whole blame on the Negroes. It indicted 31 Negroes, 28 of them charged with attempted murder in the first degree. Only four white men were named in the indictment, two of whom had not even been arrested.

This shameful attempt to railroad fellow Americans must be smashed. The indicted Negroes must receive a fair trial. Their civil rights must be safeguarded. The guilty—white, black, officials, civilians—must be found and prosecuted. Only by prompt and drastic action—by pressure upon Governor McCord and Attorney General Clark—will this new and more dangerous type of Negro oppression be stamped out.

What's Ahead for Labor

With the major dramatic postwar wage strikes out of the way, the American labor movement is about to muff its chances. We appear to be entering a period of factionalism, negative political action and rapid rival organizing drives, at a time when the power that is already at hand might be turned to really constructive efforts.

The CIO is fighting a defensive action against enemies without and within, and seems unable itself to produce a program on which all its factions agree. Its major enemies apparently are, in this order, the AFL, the "bad" congressmen, the reactionary employer organizations and—depending on who is talking—the factionalists in its own ranks. There are a few lost voices in the CIO who see inner turmoil and negative approach as its worst enemies, but these are labeled factionalists by the factionalists they oppose.

The AFL is bringing itself up to date. It does not pretend to be anything but conservative, and can get along with any combination of employers and congressmen on a basis of power politics, sometimes played to the ultimate disadvantage of the rank and file. It is now gleefully preparing to dismember the CIO if it can.

John L. Lewis, thirteenth vice-president of the AFL and chief pleader for labor unity, has set the stage for the AFL's first major attack on the CIO. In this year's soft-coal negotiations he has heavily emphasized two points mainly overlooked in the bulk of recent CIO negotiations—the shorter work-week and the

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health and welfare fund. In addition, the miners have not had an increase in basic hourly wage since April, 1941. Eighteen cents is not going to be enough. Stabilization authorities are holding their ears, expecting from Lewis a detonation which could easily shatter the tenuous anti-inflation front.

It is entirely possible, furthermore, that Lewis will accomplish his ends without a soft-coal strike this time, thus adding another to the AFL list of scores against the CIO. The current bituminous agreement is an "open-end" affair. Lewis plans on March 27 to serve notice that the agreement is about to expire, but that will leave five nerve-wracking days in which the government and the operators can step in and plead for an extension of the contract while negotiations continue. The steel workers "stopped reconversion"; the mine workers may cynically "allow it" to continue.

The AFL attack on the CIO also includes the simple, telling charge of Communist domination—easy to make, hard to refute or ignore. And in recognition of the one clear advantage it will grant to the CIO—structure—quiet plans are now brewing for the industrialization of some of the hoarier AFL crafts.

To all this the answer of Philip Murray, CIO president who is thoroughly on the spot right now, appears to be to force unity in his own house at the expense of imagination.

To the AFL cry of "Communist"—echoed in many places within the CIO—Murray's answer appears to be, "Tain't so, and to prove it we'll throw the rascals out." There is some housecleaning going on within the organization, aided by the current Communist preference for consolidation of their unions into a few key groups, some of which may be invited to leave the CIO. The trouble with such a sweep, aside from its patent divisive effect, is that it reaches right over into the political-action field. The CIO boys have been told they must discourage all talk of a third party, not because the idea might not have merit, but for the sole reason that the Communists favor it. The idea might have been abandoned anyhow, but why give such a reason?

After a stormy and momentous executive-board meeting early in March, the CIO produced a strange resolution on political action, calling for the selection of "good" candidates who will fight bad things. True, the CIO has now launched a million-dollar organizing drive in the South. This move is long overdue. It is also true that District 50 of the UMW has been organizing the South for a year and that it was the sporadic success of this effort which finally made up the CIO's mind for it.

These are tired men doing these things. It's always easier to be against something than to decide what you're for. But if we were friends of the laissez-faire economists in the National Association of Manufacturers, whose program is pushed with vigor and unison, we'd take heart at these developments.

America's Loan Program

WHETHER Léon Blum obtains the $2 billion he is asking the United States to lend France in the name of economics will depend on the political importance the Administration assigns to the loan. As our relations with Russia become darker, France becomes increasingly the country which both Russia and the United States want on their side. Could $2 billion win France permanently to the West? Or would it simply soften the fiscal problems of the Communist government that the French might put into power when they elect a new Assembly this spring? But there is yet another question which affects the success of Blum's mission. By the time the French election is held, the disagreements between Russia and the United States may have been mended and the reason for Western-Eastern rivalry over the affections of France may have disappeared. The coming sessions of the Security Council which opened this week in New York City's Hunter College hold the answer to that question.

The indications are that Blum will get, not $2 billion, but $750 million. The political problems that confront the Administration in lending money stem not alone from the policies of Russia but from the attitude of the American people and Congress. Many letters to congressmen object to our lending money abroad. Some of the letter-writers are pure isolationists who think foreigners should stew in their own juice and at no expense to us. But those who are simply illiterate about international economic affairs outnumber the isolationists. They approve of public spending and lending, but they want to lend first to veterans or to the farmers. They fail to understand that foreign loans not only will not reduce the sums which the veterans and farmers can borrow in Washington but, if lent wisely, will better world conditions generally and thus increase our own national prosperity. The popular distaste for foreign lending is so marked that the Administration, in order to improve the chances that Congress will approve the loan to Britain, has had to announce a policy that precludes further Treasury loans. To obtain $2 billion, Blum would have to get it from the Treasury. He can get $750 million from the Export-Import Bank, and that is where the money he receives will come from.

Congress is full of men who, to save a nickel, would throw away the opportunity to stabilize the economy of the world by helping the French. The report published on February 7 by the Postwar Economic Policy and Planning Committee of the House suggests that France liquidate her overseas investments of $2 billion before she seeks a loan from the United States. Borrowers from a bank understand that they do not need to sell their house rather than seek a loan; the com-

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mittee advocates a policy of impoverishment and economic isolation.

If Congress henceforth insists that borrowers pay their lend-lease debts first, the United States will soon have returned to the isolationist igloo from which it watched the decline of world order between the Peace of Versailles and the Pact of Munich.

Atomic Scrub Team

If it is Mr. Bernard Baruch's idea that atomic energy ought to be incorporated and offered for sale on the New York Stock Exchange, he could scarcely have chosen a better set of "alternates and co-workers" to assist him as our representative on the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission. Mr. John Hancock and Mr. Ferdinand Eberstadt are experienced investment bankers, favorably known through the length and breadth of Wall Street; few men could be considered better qualified to help float an atomic-energy issue. Mr. Herbert Bayard Swope, the distinguished former chairman of the New York State Racing Commission, will be able to offer invaluable counsel on all the sporting aspects of the atom bomb. Mr. Fred Searls Jr., a mining engineer of some repute, will be on hand just in case the talk should become at any time a trifle technical. Without a doubt, the American delegation can be counted on to see to it that our atomic patents are kept safe and that a juicy block of shares in Atom, Inc., is reserved for customers in the United States.

There need be no fear that these practical men will be carried away by any idealistic notion of international control over atomic energy. Even if they were to become so sentimental, there is obviously nothing they could do about it so long as control over exploitation of the atom in America is vested in the United States Army. The essence of international control, obviously, must lie in a system of inspection. The leading nuclear physicists, who are, to be sure, not so versed in the niceties of diplomacy as Mr. Baruch and his friends, say that such a system is by no means difficult to devise. It would entail a rigid check upon the mining and movement of all ores capable of being made fissionable —a problem that is by no means insuperable; and it also would entail freedom for United Nations inspectors to look into any plant in any country which might be engaged illegitimately in the production of fissionable materials.

But inspection in the United States—which happens to be the one nation of the world known to have manufactured and to be manufacturing atomic bombs—is plainly impossible while the Army stays in the saddle. For the Army equates security and secrecy. And the Army is zealously pressing for tighter and tighter restriction of all information in the field of nuclear physics. What it found itself unable to obtain in the patently militaristic May-Johnson bill, it is now in a fair way of getting through the more innocent-looking Vandenberg amendment to the McMahon bill.

Under the Vandenberg amendment, a military liaison "committee"—the Senator regards this as a less objectionable word than "board"—would be empowered to review and effectively to checkmate the decisions of a civilian atomic-energy commission. It could submit recommendations to the commission on any matter which, in its own judgment, affected the "common defense and security" and could, in case the commission failed to follow its recommendations, carry the case to the President for a final settlement. Given the attitude of the military, this amounts to a frustration of any efforts the civilian commission might make either to promote peaceful utilization of atomic energy or to permit agents of the United Nations to come in and look at what we are doing.

The army sees the atom exclusively as a weapon. At the moment, it has the weapon; and so far as it knows, no other nation has yet been able to match it. It would be out of character for the United States Army, or any other army for that matter, to place its reliance upon a putative collective security when it possesses a real or fancied advantage over every potential adversary. It lives by armament contests. And as General Groves has plainly indicated, it is not going to be deterred from engaging in an atomic-armament contest by any consideration of the peculiar deadliness of this particular gadget.

Its point of view could scarcely find a better spokesman than Mr. Baruch, the most elderly of elder statesmen, and his financial friends. For they understand little of the potentialities of the atom and nothing of the means, essentially scientific, of keeping it from blowing up the solar system. The excellent committee which has prepared a report for the Department of State on international control of atomic energy might very well have brought some constructive suggestions to the United Nations Commission. At least one of its members, as a matter of elementary common sense, should have been included in the American delegation. But the aim seems to be to make the commission meetings purely ritualistic.

We shall not be ready to participate in any plan for international control of atomic energy, it is clear, until we resolve our domestic policy in the field. The prime issue is civilian versus military domination. And it is an issue which admits of no compromise. One or the other must gain the upper hand. Efforts such as Senator Vandenberg's to balance one against the other are necessarily illusory. So long as there is balance, the military point of view will prevail. Only when the military has been incontestably subordinated to civilian rule can we undertake to enter into the necessary arrangements for international control. It had better be soon.

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Political Roundup

This is the first of a series of reports analyzing American political developments between now and the November, 1946, elections. – THE EDITORS

California. – If Earl Warren, Republican Governor, is reëlected this year, there is a strong chance that California will go Republican in 1948 and that he will be the compromise candidate for President on the GOP ticket. Attorney General Robert W. Kenny, the champion Democratic vote-getter in the state, and progressives of all hues are now busily organizing to prevent that. The slate behind which they will rally consists of: Kenny for Governor, AFL leader Jack Shelley for Lieutenant-Governor, Edmond Gerald "Pat" Brown, fighting District Attorney of San Francisco, for Attorney General, and either Representative Ellis Patterson or Will Rogers Jr. for U. S. Senator.

A real California scrap has centered around the senatorial contest. Both George Outland and Helen Gahagan Douglas were also strongly urged to run and much energy was spent trying to induce all other Democratic candidates to withdraw in favor of united support for James Roosevelt. But that move came too late, and a typically Californian solution has been worked out whereby both Patterson and Rogers are to receive the endorsements of practically all progressive groups, including the CIO. The two candidates probably will enter both Democratic and Republican primaries, as the state law allows, and the strongest will receive united support against the Republican incumbent, William F. Knowland, in the fall elections.

In 90 years, no California Governor except Hiram Johnson has ever been reëlected. Warren will be up against this tradition plus some undoubtedly flashy campaigning from Bob Kenny, who will try to make the voters forget that either he or they ever heard of Ed Pauley or Tidelands Oil. Instead, he will make issues of better federal-state relations as preparation against unemployment, future development possibilities in the West and the evils of Eastern cartels.

Down South. – The last date for filing for this year's elections in Alabama has now passed. Labor slept through the date, and two of the most outspoken anti-labor reactionaries in the House—Carter Manasco and Frank Boykin—will therefore return to Congress unopposed. Both are from fairly strong labor districts, Jasper and Mobile. Both expected opposition this time and would have had it but for the fact that progressives in each case had failed to develop a strong candidate and at the last minute could not get together on a compromise candidate. PAC leaders are thankful, at least, that the Alabama lesson came early enough for labor in other states to profit by it.

Something else to watch in Alabama: Albert Rains, a consistent Administration supporter, has Joe Starnes of Dies Committee fame for opposition again this year. Starnes is trying to steal the labor vote, making capital of Rains's support of the Case bill.

More people have paid poll taxes in Texas this year than ever before. In addition, all those who were in the armed forces within the last 18 months will be allowed to vote free. Texas politicians are busy trying to figure out how new voters will vote. The most excitement will be over the governorship.

There is sure to be a large field. Three important entries are still questionable: the deposed university president, Homer P. Rainey, Representative Lyndon Johnson and Senator "Pappy" O'Daniel. Dr. Rainey, a progressive, and Johnson, a middle-of-the-roader, would take votes from each other, so it is unlikely that both will enter the race. In the event that "Pappy" is entered by his supporters, Johnson will probably duck a come-back match and leave the field to Rainey. O'Daniel is still being cagey. Insiders say he was going to open his campaign at a veterans'-housing-project dedication at Longview, where he was scheduled to appear along with General Bradley. The General is supposed to have canceled the engagement on being warned that "Pappy" planned to use him for political effect.

No matter how many seats the Democrats may lose in doubtful states, the chances are very good that they will gain at least two votes in Texas they have not had for more than twenty-five years. Two prime Republocrats, Hatton Sumners and Fritz Lanham, plan to quit Congress. Their successors are almost certain to be an improvement if for no other reason than that they will be without seniority. Several young servicemen will try for both seats. Former Attorney General William McGraw, Attorney General Tom Clark's former law partner, will probably win Sumners' seat. Judge Sara Hughes of Dallas is the strongest progressive in that race.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Managing Editor: NORMAN GRIESER

Treasurer: DANIEL MEBANE

Assistant Editors: HEINZ EULAU, HELEN FULLER, ELIZABETH HULING, RALPH G. MARTIN, GEORGE MAYBERRY

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The Finnish Paradox

by Sidney Sulkin

Stockholm, March 14, 1946

THE PARADOXES of postwar Europe are especially evident in Finland, where Russia's odd leniency toward her defeated enemy has encouraged the man in the street to discount the fact that only a little over a year ago his country was an active ally of Nazi Germany. Far from admitting that he must suffer the consequences of that alliance, the Finn blandly expects that he will be vindicated when America and Britain—to both of whom he now looks for sympathy and help—undertake the "inevitable attack on Russia." This attitude is supported by the two-minded thinking now current among the Allies.

The foreigner crossing into Finland from Sweden is immediately filled with a wonder which grows as he reaches Helsinki. The Swedish press, which after all is just next door to Finland, has prepared one to expect not only the usual controls that would be obvious in a former enemy country, but some peculiarly "Russian" controls as well. Instead, the customs, the railroads, the press, the universities and the government itself are completely unsupervised and independent. The fact is that the only Soviet troops stationed in Finland are those needed to run a few air fields and the naval base at Porkola, which under the armistice terms has been leased to Russia for thirty years. Yet one constantly meets fully uniformed Finnish officers roaming about freely despite the fact that for many years the officer clique has been a center of violent anti-Soviet nationalism.

Comparisons with conditions in Allied countries point up the paradox. Just a few weeks ago, on a visit to Holland, I found more foreign troops stationed in that country than I did in Finland. The British Town Major's office in The Hague is guarded 24 hours a day by a helmeted soldier who carries a rifle and bayonet, while in Helsinki the Soviet-British Control Commission at the Torni is guarded by a regular Finnish policeman.

Obviously the Russians intend Finland as a showcase of their "correctness." Yet one cannot help criticizing them in the light of the persistent accusations they have leveled against the "softness" of the Western Allies. Reaction and pro-Nazism are apparently as alive and active in Finland as they have ever been. This is particularly evident at the University of Helsinki, where a clean-up is dangerously overdue. This school was the home of the Karelian Academic Society, one of the country's most fiercely nationalistic groups. The Society, it is true, has been disbanded under the armistice terms, but many of its leaders still hold key posts at the university, continue to proclaim their cultural ties with Germany and propagandize the belief in Finnish racial purity. In conversations with several professors it was clear that they had no moral abhorrence of the Nazi relationship. One professor who leads a student union of about fifteen thousand members was emphatically anti-Soviet and pro-German. Two professors who actively recruited Finnish students for the German SS retain their positions at the university. In fact, two thousand of these former SS members have returned to Finland and are free to come and go as they please.

The Ministry of Education made a half-hearted attempt to clean up the university, but the lack of replacements and a powerful opposition killed the effort before it got under way. The press, still for the most part controlled by the conservatives, has submerged its former open pro-Nazism in a stronger anti-Sovietism.

APPARENTLY the only educational instrument in the country which has been seriously concerned with combating reaction is the national radio. It has been placed under the direction of Mrs. Hella Wuolijoki, Finland's best known playwright, as a reward for her services in helping to bring about peace between Finland and Russia. Reaching as it does about a third of the nation, the radio has fed its listeners a diet of lectures, political discussion, news from Nuremberg and history lessons to convince them of their tragic errors. But attacks in the daily press are fierce and letters of protest are legion. "This proves," says Mrs. Wuolijoki, "that the nation does have a conscience which can be pinched."

There is an ancient Finnish concept of *"sisu,"* which means that whoever has it can bear up under all difficulties. Today *"sisu"* actually means self-pity, which is probably the most common emotion in the country. True enough, there is very little food or clothing on the open market, and the black market is rampant. The government, listless for many months as it waited for the resignation of Mannerheim, made some attempts to control inflation and to excite a popular desire for economic reconstruction. Russia has shipped sizable

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Sidney Sulkin is North European director of the United States International Book Association. During the war he served with the SHAEF mission to the Netherlands and with the OWI. He is now traveling in Belgium, Sweden, Denmark, Norway and Finland.

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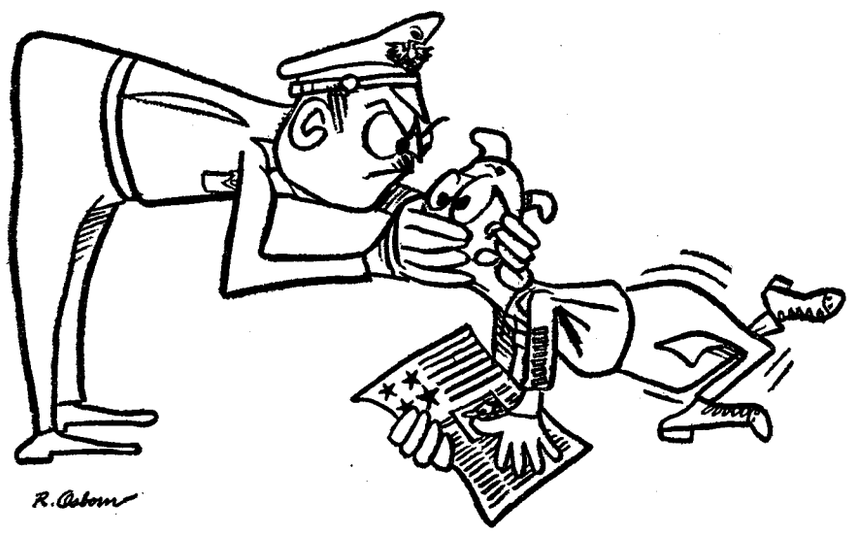
amounts of salt and grain into the country to relieve shortages. But the severity of the reparations, which eat up about 40 percent of Finland's production, cannot be balanced either by political leniency or charity. It will be many years before Finland will be able to carry on an export-import trade of any size. These are the facts which feed self-pity, but it is difficult to escape the impression that the Finn is nevertheless better fed, better clothed and better housed than many a Briton or Dutchman.

Paasikivi, taking over after Mannerheim, brings nothing new to the government. He is an old man, uncommitted either to the Left or to the Right. The younger blood is in the Left, though not in great evidence. It is likely that during the next few months there will be a gradual movement toward the Left in the government as posts change hands. A mass meeting of members of the Trade Union Federation in Helsinki this month adopted a resolution calling for a clean-up in educational institutions and the army. Members of the Democratic Union (left wing) in the Parliament have introduced a bill to revoke the permanent tenure of government officials. At present they cannot be dismissed without special legislation.

Meanwhile, Finnish reactionary groups find their principal encouragement and moral support in printed and spoken evidences of division between Russia and and the Western powers.

The Army's Mental Goose-Step

by Herbert Mitgang



DURING THE WAR, the *Stars and Stripes*, with its heterogeneous staff of writers and printers and even some goldbricks, representing sectional and political opinions as diverse as existed in the Army itself, accomplished its mission. On the staff were writers from civilian newspapers which ranged politically from Right to Left. There was some pressure, but at no time was there a witch-hunt for "subversive" or "disaffected" personnel or personnel who were in "sensitive" duties. We didn't have a "spy" among us and all of us were as "loyal" to the Army as the Army was "loyal" to its newspaper. All of us tried to uphold the traditions of fair journalism.

But we had one trait in common then which would disqualify all of us from service on the *Stars and Stripes* today. It was simply this: we liked our allies. We watched the map of Europe and cheered when the pins moved closer to Germany, no matter which ally's pins they were. Today, when the pins of war are being polished for the battle maps, it is no longer considered cricket to like all the nations. We who had served—we would all be fired from the *Stars and Stripes* today if some whimsical commander wished so to interpret the War Department ruling as to remove us from "sensitive" duties.

The most recent manifestation of what bad little boys we were during the war was voiced, in sharper language than ever before and to the point of self-effacement and self-ridicule, by Lieutenant General John C. H. ("Court House") Lee, Commanding General of the Mediterranean Theatre, when he ordered the "screening" of all letters written by the soldiers to the *Stars and Stripes*. His words scolded all correspondents—*Yank*, Marine Corps and *Stars and Stripes*—who had at times risked their lives gathering the kind of news which General Lee would now have "screened." He said that the *Stars and Stripes* (and this is his language) "is not a free newspaper. It is run by men . . . wearing the uniform of the Army. . . . Our future here will be a . . . career army rather than a democratic army, which we had during the war. . . ."

The section of the newspaper which recorded the heartbeats of the officers and men was Mail Call, the letters-to-the-editor column. The Inspector General's

Herbert Mitgang was formerly managing editor of the Stars and Stripes *editions in Oran-Casablanca and Sicily. He is now on the Sunday Department staff of the New York* Times.

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Office of the United States Army supposedly was the place for the men to bring their complaints, but it was a long procedure and most of the men feared to register a complaint with such a high echelon. Mail Call was at their level and they used it judiciously. It was much more than a "safety valve" for gripes against the officers; at least half of the letters concerned the serious news of the day. But it often called attention to injustices, incompetence and discrimination, and, in fact, just about all the wrongs that the men endured during the Tunisian, Sicilian and Italian campaigns.

Once, for example, when MP's in Naples, carrying out orders they didn't particularly enjoy, were systematically arresting combat men on pass from the Anzio beachhead for minor uniform infractions, one letter to Mail Call (together with a Bill Mauldin cartoon) cleared up the situation and earned the gratitude of both officers and enlisted men. Mail Call was the enlisted men's spokesman; at the same time it spoke for officers and even civilians abroad, including war correspondents.

WHAT a private couldn't tell his mess sergeant and what a platoon lieutenant couldn't tell a general commanding a rear-area base section, they told their newspaper—and the top commanders listened, learned, restrained or modified. To cite one example, in Oran, North Africa, an article in the *Stars and Stripes* was considered of such importance that the commanding general of the area ordered it read by all officers in his command because it contained legitimate complaints. But under the present ruling, and its War Department approval, only the generals may judge what is a proper complaint.

Strangely, some of the civilian press in America has come to the support of General Lee's arbitrary ruling. One of these newspapers pointed out that the *Stars and Stripes* was different from any newspaper in America because "it is printed and distributed" by the Army in foreign countries. But several American newspapers and magazines which reflect their own editorial policies and which fall into the hands of soldiers and civilians are printed and distributed in foreign countries. The same newspaper which made this fine distinction prints and distributes its own overseas edition.

This newspaper editorial also contended that "news and comments of a political nature" have no place in the *Stars and Stripes*. If this reasoning is to be followed through, such news as who is nominated for the office of President of the United States cannot be printed in the *Stars and Stripes*. The men will have to wait until after the election in 1948 to find out who is their President. But will they be permitted to know even then? Of course not. A presidential election is most certainly "news of a political nature"!

The solution is not to have censorship by the generals. If a "good" general does the censoring, it will mean that there will be free and untrammeled expression and a newspaper that is "believed" by the troops; if a prejudiced general is in command, the newspaper will be read like a KP roster on the company bulletin board.

The "screening" technique is not applied to other branches of the Army. Theoretically, the most competent men are chosen for technical jobs. Men who had hunted all their lives did excellent jobs as infantry snipers. Radio announcers in civilian life were made, wherever possible, announcers on the Armed Forces Network. And, during the war, journalists served on the *Stars and Stripes*. Staff writers did not question the abilities of a West Point officer trained in leading combat troops. Nor did West Point officers question their abilities as newspapermen. To make generals into newspaper editors would be to lower the standards of the *Stars and Stripes* and lose the respect of its readers.

The War Department order and the rulings of some generals do not simply add up to a freedom-of-the-press issue. It is not merely a question of defending the rights of an enlisted man to write a letter-to-the-editor complaining about poor food. There are far more serious questions discussed in this soldiers' forum which should be permitted in peacetime. Mail Call is the first step; dismissing "sensitive" personnel is the second; the third is the complete abolition or impotence of the *Stars and Stripes*.

If Mr. Churchill makes a speech which aims to destroy the United Nations Organization and start an Anglo-American war against Russia, American soldiers abroad should be permitted to know it and discuss it in their newspaper—even if it is "news of a political nature"—for it will be those men overseas who will have to do the fighting. Not only should they read about it, but they should be able to discuss it in their forums.

Those of us who served on the *Stars and Stripes* in wartime believe in the American soldier. I daresay these are some buck privates who know more about anything you care to mention—including politics and American history—than many of the generals who now are permitted to channel their thinking. GI's are not little children to be led by the hands of an American elite corps. If Switzerland can give up teaching its Army the goosestep, it is time for our Army to stop its mental goosestepping of the American civilian-soldier and his newspaper.

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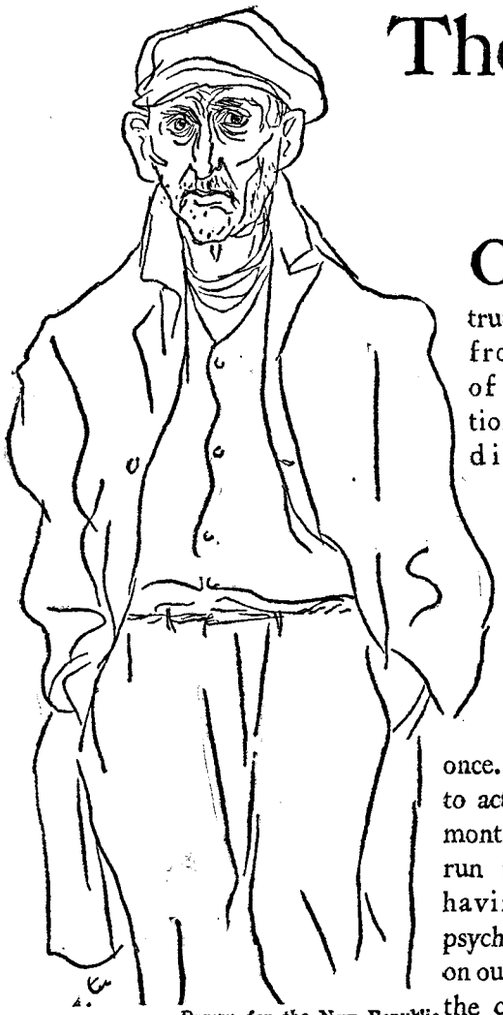
The Tragedy of the DP's

by Gerold Frank



Drawn for the New Republic *by Bernadine Custer*

Prague

ONE overwhelming truth emerges from a tour of investigation through displaced-persons camps in Germany. It is that these people must be taken out—at once. If we fail to act, within six months we shall run the risk of having 100,000 psychiatric cases on our hands, plus the complete demoralization of a people; and it will take not only psychiatric help but the Army to prevent the possibility not only of their killing Germans but of killing themselves. There is a limit to how long a human being can be told "no" and be denied everything he needs and on which he counts.

Constant denial, constant frustration, unending disillusion—these are driving Jews who survived concentration camps to a point beyond despair. They are on the verge of moral collapse. The only substance on which they exist is Palestine. It dominates their every waking moment. The word itself is incandescent with meaning to them. One is appalled even to contemplate what might now be taking place among them if there were no Palestine on which to fasten their hopes and with which to identify their future.

The actual liberation was a miraculous event. For the Jewish DP's it was almost like the Messianic deliverance, and with it they expected a kind of universal welcome and universal repentance by the world which had permitted them to suffer such monstrous cruelties. There was no welcome. There was no repentance. Instead, there came to them the dawning realization that they were nuisances, problems, pariahs.

So far, I've heard no talk of vengeance—only this grim determination to go to Palestine—but the path may become too difficult; the world may have learned the art of keeping them out of Palestine better than they have learned the art of getting into it. In such an event it is possible that the determination to have their own way for once, if allowed no other outlet, will explode disastrously.

NO ONE who has visited a DP center is likely to have any illusions about it. Physically it is a transient overnight camp in which people are sitting on packed bags with no alternative but to remain day after day. Psychologically it is an institution where creative instincts are thwarted, where there is no real opportunity for work, no incentive to build, no possibility of saving for the future. What German marks a DP can earn are worthless outside Germany. Within Germany, there is virtually nothing buyable. His immediate needs which are not supplied by the Army or UNRRA are suppliable on the black market. Everybody in Germany—officers, soldiers, Germans and DP's—is engaged in black-marketing on a wide scale. The army acknowledges this by the admission that the daily ration for Germans—1,500 calories—is somehow supplemented by most Germans with from 500 to 1,500 extra calories daily. The black market is the only source for this supplement. There are raids by army MP's now and then on DP camps because of black-marketing. DP's see them only as a new form of tyrannical oppression. A DP found with a package of American cigarettes is liable to be thrown into jail, even though he intends to barter it for a pair of rubbers for his child—unobtainable in any other way.

The diet given DP's, though medically sufficient, is so monotonous and unfilling that hunger strikes have occurred in some camps. I have visited a camp where supper consisted of a slice of black bread, a spoonful of marmalade, and coffee with powdered milk. That living conditions are crowded, and certainly below present German standards, that diets are almost unendurable, that leisure activities are severely limited or

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Gerold Frank has done newspaper work in Cleveland and New York and traveled widely as a correspondent in Europe before the war. In 1944 he visited Egypt and Palestine as a war correspondent for Overseas Press, Inc., and he is currently covering the work of the Anglo-American Commission of Inquiry on Palestine. His articles have appeared in Harper's, *the* Reader's Digest, *the* Saturday Evening Post, *the* New Yorker, *the* Nation *and other periodicals. His most recent book is* USS Seawolf, *published last year by Putnam.*

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nonexistent, that the DP's are not surrounded by the normal laughter of children (an average camp of 2,500 may have less than 60 children, nearly all orphans)—all this is dwarfed by the denial of the consuming wish to "return home"—to go to Palestine.

AND WHY is Palestine, as the subcommittee of the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry on Palestine repeatedly asked DP's in camp after camp, why is Palestine uppermost in their minds—not the United States or Britain, with their millions of free Jewish citizens? These men and women and young people replied in words not soon forgotten that Palestine has become to them a symbol with infinite meanings, of which, perhaps, the most significant is personal dignity. This is the quality of which Hitler robbed the survivors of his massacres in the eyes of the world. Palestine means security for them, not in the sense of safety but in the sense of being wanted by those among whom they live. The committee questioned a group of a dozen ragged Jewish boys and girls who infiltrated into the American zone after they returned to Poland and found none of their families alive. Who organized these youngsters into a group, the committee asked, remembering tales of well fed Jews with pockets full of money.

"Organized?" repeated a 20-year-old girl, puzzled. "We met on the road, first three of us and then two more, and so on. Our mothers, fathers, brothers and sisters were all burned by the Germans and so we became brothers and sisters to each other." Individually they are wanted by each other, these DP's, and by no one else; collectively they are wanted by no one save the Jews of Palestine. This symbol of Palestine has in it the desire to stand up proudly, to cast off the stigma of an inferior race, to cease being objects of contempt and toleration. "When will you let us go home to Palestine and no longer hear all these terrible things said about us?" asked a 13-year-old boy at the Fahrenwald camp near Munich. "When shall I be able to be a Jew again?" In this symbol of Palestine there is above all else a desire to go to the end of the line, to cease being a wanderer, to reach *home*.

This helps to explain the poll of their attitudes on emigration taken under UNRRA auspices at the request of the committee. It resulted in more than 18,700 of 19,000 answering "Palestine"; when asked to list their second choice, 98 percent renamed Palestine. This is no rationalization of the fact that there is no chance to emigrate to the democracies. They are convinced that their only hope is to begin life anew on their own soil. "Yes," said Israel Wilence of the Greifenberg camp, 25 miles from Augsburg, "I know that six million Jews are living happily in America. They lived happily in Germany. I don't say what happened in Germany will happen in America, but I don't want even to take the chance that it will happen."

In the words of Dr. Zelman Greenberg, chairman of the Central Committee of Liberated Jews in Bavaria, they cannot be fully understood unless you take into account "their horrible yesterday, their impossible today, their uncertain tomorrow." The truth of this is now realized by the subcommittee as it could not be realized in Washington and London, no matter how eloquent the witnesses were.

It is true that the problems faced by both the Army and UNRRA are staggering: Germany is a battered, ruined country. Her transportation system was the special object of very accurate bombing. Her roads are pockmarked with craters; bridges are out, railways wrecked. There is not sufficient railway space to carry to Munich or Nuremberg or Frankfort supplies which the United States would be willing to make available. There is a tremendous housing shortage. Of the 50,000 Jewish DP's in the American zone alone, 40,000 live in DP centers ranging from camp barracks to private dwellings, built by slave labor, in which each room, even the kitchen, is bedroom and living quarters for from four to seven persons.

In contrast to the life of the Jewish DP's is that of the Germans, who not only eat well despite all the reports—any GI will tell you that German cellars today are among the best stocked in Europe—but are among the best-dressed people in Europe. Nothing fills the heart of the Jewish DP with more resentment than to be presented with patched and tattered cast-off clothing collected in an American salvage campaign while he watches German women parade in finery filched from millions of slave laborers and concentration-camp inmates in the years of Nazi power. When the DP sleeps on his straw mattress in

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wooden barracks, he knows the German across the road is sleeping between sheets on a bed of down, and wonders who was vanquished and who was liberated. He sees the attitude of newly arrived American soldiers who have not seen the Germany of concentration camps, whose conception of the DP's problem is that given them by the fraulein with whom they last slept.

THE Jewish DP's hate Germany with a pathological hate. They detest Europe and they distrust the world. The one in seven who survived starvation, torture, slave camps, gas chambers and crematoria has had agonizing time to think and draw conclusions. They wrote "Palestine" as first choice and second choice, but when they were told, as in the Fürth DP center near Nuremberg, not to make the second choice the same as the first, 500 of the 2,000 there wrote as second choice the single word "crematorium."

The Jewish DP's in Germany, as the committee noted admiringly time and time again, possess a pent-up reservoir of energy and creativeness—which turned the desert into a vineyard in Palestine. But this is a precious and perishable commodity. It must be utilized beneficently now or it will be utilized tragically tomorrow.

These people must be taken out. Even if physical conditions improve, to keep them in these camps means the spiritual and moral desolation of the remnants of European Jewry, as Bartley Crum, a member of the committee, asserts. This is also the conviction of Judge Simon Rifkind, adviser to General McNarney on Jewish affairs. Here is how he sums it up: "The solution of the problem of displaced persons is to place them. Jewish DP's cannot be placed without mass migration to Palestine. That is manifest to everyone who has learned to know them intimately. The overwhelming majority of Jewish DP's will accept no other solution. Every day's delay compounds Hitler's crimes against his first victim. The time is rotten ripe for action."

These people—the world must know it now lest it know it too late—these people must be taken out.

Washington: Politics and Punch

by Ralph G. Martin

SOME PEOPLE in a small group were discussing the 52 reasons why they didn't like Senator McKellar, and a dark-haired, sexy-looking woman burst out with, "Isn't there *something I* can do to that guy. Can't I just go up to his office and exhaust him. They say I'm unexcelled at that."

Several listeners laughed, a few more giggled and a congressman looked her over carefully and smiled, "Well, if you want any practice in that, I'll tell you where my office is." The woman winked, and as she swished away, said, "Why, Congressman . . . "

Turning to somebody else, the congressman asked, "Who was she, anyway?"

"Some Broadway actress," his friend explained. "A comedienne, I think."

The room was full of small groups, constantly breaking up and reforming, with waiters weaving in and out with fresh drinks. In the background was a food-filled table.

Nearby, in another group, OPA Administrator Paul Porter was talking about the recent roll call of Washington lobbyists by his boss, Chester Bowles. "That took guts," he said, "that really did." Later he told the story of a memo Bowles sent him, worrying about the recent milk-price increases. "So I checked back," said Porter, laughing, "and found out that Bowles himself had signed most of those increases just before he left office." A woman reporter pitched in that that's probably the way it would be with price control for the next couple of months, "Bowles checking up on Bowles."

Several people rushed over, busted into the group to shake Porter's hand, belatedly congratulating him on his new job. When they left, Porter said, "They either congratulate me or sympathize with me."

"Well, how do you feel about it?" a reporter wanted to know.

Porter laughed, "I think they're both right."

Near the table, Drew Pearson and his daughter were munching small sandwiches and Pearson was telling

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some listeners about the power-lobby boys who had come to Washington with lots of nylons. They were handing out one pair to the wife of each Senator and Representative in the states in which they were interested. "And nobody refused," said Pearson, "except this congressman from Arkansas who said that before he took any bribe, his wife would go barefoot."

Just then a small, smiling woman with a good-looking Marine lieutenant in tow, stopped to introduce him, quickly taking him on to the next group.

"What was that man's name?" Pearson's daughter wanted to know.

"That was Gene Kelly, the movie star," somebody said.

There was a slight moan. "Not Gene Kelly. Oh, my God. . . . And I only nodded to him, just like he was anybody." She moaned again. "I didn't even get his autograph. . . ."

People were all around the table now in clusters of twos and threes, and if you walked very slowly you could catch snatches of conversation:

A Navy officer was asking a Representative whether he planned to run for the Senate. "Senate?" he snorted. "I'll be lucky if I get reëlected to Congress again. . . ."

Two women were discussing Senator Pepper, who was nearby. "Too bad he's not better-looking," said one of them. "He'd make a wonderful President."

Senator Tobey was telling a *PM* reporter what a great newspaperman he thought Nathan Robertson was. When Tobey left, the reporter wailed, "Why the hell doesn't somebody tell me what a great reporter I am?"

Near the doorway, a thin man with worried eyes was being introduced to several groups as Dr. Oppenheimer. A woman stared at him for a long minute and then loudly inquired of her friend, "Isn't he the atom-bomb man?"

Henry Wallace spotted the *New Republic's* Helen Fuller and broke away from a group he was in to walk quickly across the room and ask her, "Helen, did you get that Roosevelt memorial material I wrote for you? I wrote it in longhand," he was explaining. The rest of the group was discussing the relationship between the recent Bankhead committee hearings and the deep drop in cotton prices on the market. Wallace overheard and wondered aloud, "How much money did Bankhead lose on that?" Everybody laughed.

The waiters were still wandering around with fresh drinks and the talk seemed freer and there was more laughter in the room.

Somebody was telling Republican Senator Wayne Morse that Stassen was fast falling flat on his political face, mainly because of such articles as the one he had written for *American Magazine*. Morse said nothing, just listened. One of the group whispered that Morse and Stassen were once college roommates.

The talk somehow switched to Mrs. Roosevelt. Morse was telling how reluctant Vandenberg was about the UNO-delegate job, mostly because he'd have to be so close to Mrs. Roosevelt for such a long time. So when Vandenberg got back, his cronies were kidding him about it and asked him how he got along with old Eleanor. Then Vandenberg just bristled and said, "Never mind. I've said a lot of mean things about Mrs. Roosevelt but I want to tell you that I take them all back. She's a wonderful woman, a great citizen and a great American. What's more, I told her so myself."

There was a buzzing in the group after that, somebody muttering how much credit Vandenberg deserved for saying that. This caused New York *Post* columnist Doris Fleeson to come out with, "Why should anybody give Vandenberg credit for finally finding out what my nine-year-old always knew?"

Some reporters then broke off by themselves, discussing the different political-campaign trains. One of them was remembering how Willkie always said such important things at inconspicuous moments that reporters had to follow him closely all day long or else they'd miss out on a big story. "And the reporter who got the best story was the one who went to the bathroom with him after the others had left."

PM's Jimmy Wechsler shook his head sadly. "Nobody ever went to the bathroom with Dewey."

After the laughter, Doris Fleeson recalled another reporter's description of the bedlam on the Willkie train. "It was like a disorderly house on a Saturday night when the madam was away."

Nearby, a Southern congressman was telling a friend

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how he thought that maybe this election was the time to make an open issue of the FEPC. His friend looked at him, wide-eyed. "Are you kidding?" she asked hopefully. The congressman shook his head. "Then are you crazy?"

The same sexy actress spotted a new arrival and rushed across the room, yelling, "Oh, you darling . . ." and kissed the bewildered man violently.

The room was getting more and more crowded and the fresh drinks always seemed to be there at your elbow and everything seemed warmer and more woozy somehow and a reporter was overheard saying to a dark-haired, beautiful woman, "Marge, take me home. . . ."

Note to RM from the Managing Ed.: First you get paid for going to a play I can't get tickets for; now the *NR* has to shell out so you can get woozy at a cocktail party—and muff getting the sexy stage gal's name.

California Doesn't Worry

by Bruce Bliven

I CAME to California expecting to find the inhabitants of this state pretty badly worried about their future. They aren't. Even when the statistics look rather black, the average citizen of the Golden Gate is confident that everything will be all right. His confidence is based chiefly on the expectation that California's population will continue to grow and grow, solving all problems in the process.

The past record seems to justify a large part of this optimism. In all tables showing the comparative standing of the leading states, California is marching remorselessly toward the top. She is already third in total population, and will soon pass New York and Pennsylvania as she has already passed Illinois, Ohio and Texas. In percentages of increase she is already first, by a mile. She is first in value of farm products, having finally nosed out Iowa. She is second in per-capita income, exceeded only by Connecticut. She was third in war contracts, beaten by Michigan and New York, in that order. In area, of course, she exceeds all ten of the Northeastern states combined: plenty of room to grow.

Cutbacks in War Industry.—The pessimists who warned about California's postwar situation did so on a basis of the cutbacks in war industry. During the war, California had $20 billion in contracts; employment went up three times, payrolls five times, population a third—from 6.9 million to 9.2. With the end of the war, employment in industry fell off 60 percent, but then it rallied and is slowly climbing back. The statisticians whose job it is to know these things predict that this year employment in manufacturing will be cut in two, in mining it will be doubled, the service trades will go up somewhat and everything else will stand still.

Here, in quick summary, is what is happening in California on this front:

There are about 350,000 unemployed in California, which is twice the national average; in Los Angeles and San Diego the proportion is higher still. Yet in spite of this fact it is almost impossible to hire workers for ordinary jobs at small wages. There are 200,000 people drawing California unemployment insurance. There are actually 73,000 people, nearly all war veterans, who are living in California and drawing unemployment compensation from *other states*. In theory, anyone receiving such insurance must be prepared to take a job for which he is qualified. Businessmen complain that the unemployed are careful to describe themselves as possessing only some skill which they know is not required in the area in which they are.

You are told over and over that most of the unemployed are voluntarily so. Some worked hard in war plants and are taking it easy for a while, cashing their war bonds or using up their savings. (Yet redemption of war bonds is only at the normal national rate, about equal to savings-bank withdrawals.) Some are women, and the very old and very young, who worked during the war for special reasons and are glad to quit. Thousands undoubtedly hate to come down from wartime wages to the California level, which has always been low except in the heavily unionized San Francisco Bay region.

They Mean to Stay.—Whatever happens, no one intends to leave California. Nearly all the war workers are remaining, and millions more—war veterans especially—are coming. (Up to last October 1, 109,000 veterans had moved to California from other states, and the tide grows bigger every day.) The stores are doing a 10-percent larger business now than they did one year ago, while war activity was at its height. You cannot rent a house or an apartment or a hotel room or get space on an airplane or train. When a house is

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This is one of a series of articles reporting on conditions in several states in the West and Far West. — THE EDITORS

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sold, it is at three times its prewar value. At Santa Anita race track a few days ago $4 million was bet in a single afternoon.

To what peacetime products are the war plants converting? Here, in part, is the answer:

Airplanes: These plants are so huge, and so costly to maintain, that they are nearly useless except to build planes. At present, they are using some space on civilian airline orders; after that their future is problematical.

Shipyards: Fairly busy now with repair jobs. After that, a very great reduction of operations.

Other war plants: They are turning out all sorts of gadgets and farm and household appliances—kitchen tools, barbecue sets, fishing reels, rod cases, tractors, oil burners, diesel engines, baby buggies—and in the present hungry market they can sell all they produce. What the situation will be like a couple of years from now, when the market has been well supplied, remains to be seen.

California really believes that there is a future in light, small planes for private flying, and plans to make a lot of them. The state is dotted with new cow-pasture flying fields. Among the buyers of such planes are quite a lot of army and navy flyers, who find it hard to get used to light planes with low-power engines, so that some skilled aviators have already been killed.

Public Works.—If the bottom falls out of California prosperity, the state will not be unprepared. There is a shelf of public works waiting, in the form of municipal, county, state and federal projects, amounting to $1.1 billion. Of this, about 10 percent could be got under way within a few months. The projects are mostly highways, bridges, irrigation and public buildings.

California's political pot is boiling at present—but the details of that story will have to wait for another article.

Jackson's First Year

by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.

ANDREW JACKSON might easily have been described in 1828 as a charming old man who would like very much to be President. The first instalment of this series showed how he became the political beneficiary of the strong but disparate discontents of the eighteen twenties. No one could have predicted that crisis would transform him into greatness. The campaign supplied no indications of future policy, and the congressional leadership of the Democratic Party was confused and opportunistic. The problem for Jackson was to determine what the essential issues were and then to pick the men he could trust in devising and executing policy. Since every serious crisis becomes a crisis because its problems are unprecedented, it is reasonable to expect that every crisis President will go through a similar experience and very likely with the same results: that is, the rise of ideological issues, division within the party, formation of a brain trust, development of government propaganda and, as a general consequence, an explosion of conservative hysteria in which only the proper names change from one century to another.

THE SHOUTING CROWD on Inauguration Day, Daniel Webster noted sarcastically, really seemed to think "the country is rescued from some dreadful danger." Yet where was this danger? It was clear that Jackson had an impressive mandate, but it was not so clear what the mandate was for. Through the land, an excitement for change had welled up from profound frustration. But its concrete expressions were only slogans, epithets, meaningless phrases, the shout of crowds—not issues, programs, policies.

The new President was not only tired, sick and depressed by grief over the death of his wife, but politically inexperienced. The problems he faced were new to him; and for a man who learned by dealing with actualities rather than by intellectual analysis, this was a serious handicap. He had to feel his way and let things seep in before he could move with decision. In the meantime the demand for "reform" had to be met. The common man, too long thwarted by official indifference, had to be given a sense that the government was in truth the people's government.

The battle against the American System was relying increasingly on the political and intellectual resources of the Jeffersonian tradition; yet Jeffersonian equality itself was open to two interpretations: the emphasis of the Declaration of Independence on political equality

This is the second of ten instalments from The Age of Jackson *(Little, Brown), condensed by the author, who has added some new material further to point up the many parallels between our own times and those of a century ago. Mr. Schlesinger is now working on* The Age of Roosevelt.

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and home rule; and the emphasis, which matured during the conflicts with Federalism, on economic equality as well.

Here there were sectional divergences. The Western Jeffersonians, living amid conditions of substantial equality, with limitless vistas of economic opportunity before them, aimed more at establishing local self-government and majority rule than at safeguarding the material foundations of political democracy. Where approximate equality of economic opportunity existed, there was no pressure to defend it. The Jeffersonians of the East, on the other hand, made keenly aware, by direct experience, of growing inequality and declining opportunity, were more sensitive to the economic issues.

THE American System awoke the first intimations of divergence. While it certainly did not violate principles of political equality, its tendency was widely felt to be destructive of economic equality. It was thus much more heartily abhorred by the dispossessed classes of the East, grimly fighting against further exploitation, than it was by the West, where classes hardly existed.

In the campaign of 1828 Jackson's supporters had to take great pains to represent him through the West as a friend of the American System. Amos Kendall repeatedly assured readers of the *Argus of Western America* that these favorite projects of Mr. Clay were perfectly safe, challenging the Adams party "to produce even a *newspaper paragraph* advocating Jackson's election on the ground of his opposition to 'the present American system.' It cannot be done." This impression was so widespread that Hezekiah Niles, veteran protectionist and editor of the nation's favorite newsweekly, *Niles' Register*, could console himself after the election with the belief that "the *whole* 'American system,' if it shall not *advance* under the new administration, will, at least, maintain its ground, as to principle."

But the Eastern Jacksonians begged to differ. "We know our enemies," wrote C. C. Cambreleng to Van Buren from Washington three days before Jackson's inauguration, "and our motto should be those who are not for us are against us. . . . You stand between Clay's aristocratic and prohibitory American system on the one hand—and Calhoun's anti-constitutional and anti-union doctrines on the other."

If the Jacksonian drive were to continue, the President required followers who would keep fighting on the economic front. His close counselors from Tennessee days were increasingly out of place in the great democratic surge. For years, Major Eaton, Major Lewis and Judge John Overton had stood at Jackson's elbow, helping write his public letters, building up his organization and plotting eternally for his advancement. Eaton and Lewis accompanied him to Washington and received posts in the government. But they were not the men for the new battle lines.

The President needed men who shared fully his deepening belief that the economic problem, the balance of class power, overshadowed all other questions of the day. There were such men. In the Senate, he could rely on Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri. A native of North Carolina, Benton had moved West as a young man, first to Tennessee, where he and Jackson had mixed in an angry frontier brawl, then to Missouri. In 1820 he entered the Senate, and four years later he and Jackson were reconciled. Now forty-eight years old, he was a striking figure, not tall but large-boned, with broad shoulders, a deep chest and a fine and massive head. In most things he was built on a scale somewhat larger than life. Vanity was his most obvious trait, but it was so vast and towering that it rarely offended. He had a giant conviction that he and the people were one. "Nobody opposes Benton," he would roar, pronouncing it "Bane-ton," "but a few blackjack prairie lawyers; these are the only opponents of Benton. Benton and the people, Benton and Democracy are one and the same, sir; synonymous terms, sir, synonymous terms, sir."

Nothing chastened him. After Calhoun's death, a friend said, "I suppose, Colonel, you won't pursue Calhoun beyond the grave?" Benton replied majestically, "No, sir. When God Almighty lays his hand upon a man, sir, I take mine off, sir." As an appreciative newspaperman put it, "One could not help feeling that the old ironclad's egotism was a sort of national institution, in which every patriotic American could take a just pride."

IN THE HOUSE, Jackson could count on the unfaltering support of a young friend from Tennessee, James K. Polk. Like Benton, a native of North Carolina, Polk had attended the University of North Carolina, moved West and in 1820 settled as a lawyer in Columbia, Tennessee. Five years later he was elected to Congress. Only thirty-four years old in 1830, he was already a leading figure in the House. Of middle height, he had a high, broad forehead, penetrating dark eyes and a somewhat serious cast of countenance, occasionally lightened by an exceptionally winning smile. His slender frame gave the impression of delicacy, but he was extremely hardworking and capable of great endurance. If his calm, incessant voice, setting forth a long array of facts and close argument, exasperated persons like Adams, it ordinarily impressed his audiences.

C. C. Cambreleng, the crony of Van Buren and Representative from the city of New York, gave Polk active support. Another North Carolinian, now in his early forties, Cambreleng had left school at the age of twelve, gone to New York at sixteen and entered a highly successful business career. For a dozen years or

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so, he lived an adventurous life, roaming around Europe in the midst of the Napoleonic wars, part of the time as agent for John Jacob Astor, and finally settling in New York. His curiosity always had an intellectual bent, and reflection and experience combined to make him a militant free trader. In 1821 he drifted into politics, probably with the encouragement of Van Buren, and won a seat in Congress. From the outset he was opposed by the mercantile community. "How violent and embittered that hostility has been made of late years," someone said in 1839, ". . . is too well known to require comment."

THE DRIVING ENERGY of Jacksonian democracy, like that of any aggressive reform movement, came from a small group of men joined together by essential sympathies in a concerted attempt to transform the existing order. Communion among these men was frank and free, and the men themselves were utterly loyal to the cause. Few nationally known politicians, available for cabinet posts, could meet the necessary standards of selflessness and candor. As a result, Jackson had to turn away from his cabinet for his most confidential counsel to men more basically dissatisfied with the existing order. There thus sprang into existence the celebrated Kitchen Cabinet, "an influence, at Washington," as one member of the official cabinet ominously described it, "unknown to the constitution and to the country."

Such an influence naturally drew to a considerable degree on rising social groups as yet denied the prestige to which they felt their power and energies entitled them. One such class was, of course, that of the military hero, of which Jackson himself was the outstanding example. Another consisted of the literary man in general and of the newspaperman in particular. The journalist had hitherto been indulgently accepted as the friend or servant of the governing class, but never as an equal. William Cullen Bryant wryly described the attitude toward his profession: "Contempt is too harsh a word for it, perhaps, but it is far below respect."

Many newspapermen rankled under this disdain. When the election of Jackson cracked the old aristocracy wide open, they tried to flock through the breach; and Jackson proceeded to fill many offices with newspaper editors. This act instantly turned the status of the press into a live issue. The old governing class, having lost temporarily to the military hero, hoped at least to avoid the final humiliation of bowing to the journalist, and the furor over the spoils system centered particularly on the appointment of editors.

The two leading member of the Kitchen Cabinet, both ex-newspapermen, were Amos Kendall and Francis Preston Blair. Kendall was born in 1789 on a barren farm at Dunstable, Massachusetts. His poor health and studious disposition singled him out early as the scholar of the family, and in between periods of labor on the farm, he attended country school and then Dartmouth. At college he was a reserved, priggish boy; a classmate observed dryly in 1835 that if he had become "an intriguing, managing, artful politician," with an ingratiating personality and a capacity to manipulate people, "he has entirely changed his character."

At the age of twenty-five he emigrated to Kentucky. In Lexington he met a pleasant law student who turned out to be Henry Clay's brother, and soon he was introduced to Mrs. Clay, who asked him to tutor her children. The stiff New Englander, with his intolerable gravity, relentless conscience and yet shy charm, delighted easy-going Lucretia Clay, the mistress of Ashland. She tutored Kendall, polishing his manners, brightening his conversation and making him fit for society.

The man who started Kendall as an editor was Colonel Richard M. Johnson. Kendall plunged into Kentucky journalism with celerity, quickly adapting himself to its rugged ways. At one period, as editor of the *Argus of Western America* at Frankfort, he had to carry a dirk, at another a pistol, and he always made his pen do the service of both. His trenchant intelligence, his honesty and pertinacity, his facility both at lofty exhortation and at coarse invective, quickly made the *Argus* the best paper in the state and soon one of the most influential in the West.

JACKSON'S ELECTION gave Kendall his great opportunity to leave Kentucky. He was at first somewhat appalled by the excesses of the national capital. The ladies laced too tightly and exposed their shoulders too brazenly for his Yankee sensibilities, while the "ridiculous English custom" of dining after dark irritated him. A picture is preserved of Kendall at a Washington reception snatching a cup of coffee from a Negro waiter and watching with glum disapproval the men crowding around the wine and spirits on the sideboard.

But he impressed the right people. Van Buren remarked, "Kendall is to be an influential man. I wish the President would invite him to dinner." Kendall was not only invited, but soon received appointment as fourth auditor of the Treasury. There he went conscientiously to work and discovered large frauds in the accounts of his predecessor, Tobias Watkins, a close friend of John Quincy Adams. This feat, which gave the spoils system a temporary odor of sanctity, especially endeared him to the President.

Bent, nearsighted, badly dressed, with premature white hair, sallow complexion and a hacking asthmatic cough, Kendall was an unprepossessing figure. On a blazing July day he would wear a white broadcloth greatcoat, buttoned to the throat. If he were suffering from one of his piercing headaches, he would bind a white handkerchief about his head. "Poor wretch,"

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exclaimed Henry A. Wise, "as he rode his Rosinante down Pennsylvania Avenue, he looked like Death on the pale horse."

His chronic bad health may have created a special bond of sympathy with the President, and Jackson soon began to rely on Kendall for aid in writing his messages, first on the Indian question and then on general policy. Gradually Kendall's supreme skill in interpreting, verbalizing and documenting Jackson's intuitions made him indispensable. The President would lie on his bed beneath the picture of his Rachel, smoking away and pouring out his ideas in vigorous but imprecise language. Kendall would smooth out a paragraph and read it back. The old General, shaking his head, would try again, and Kendall would revise and work it over, till his chief would relax, satisfied, and Kendall himself be surprised at the full force of the point.

When he first went to Washington, Kendall favored Calhoun for the succession, but he soon saw that the future of the radical program rested with Van Buren. During the early months of 1830, as the feud with Calhoun developed, the Kentucky group began to discuss the need for superseding Duff Green and the *United States Telegraph* with a new administration organ. Barry suggested Francis Preston Blair, Kendall's successor on the *Argus*, as editor.

BLAIR, a native-born Virginian, taken to Kentucky as a child, was thirty-nine years old in 1830. As a young man he was so delicate that his prospective father-in-law tried to discourage his daughter from marriage: "You will be a widow in six months." "I would rather be Frank's widow than any other man's wife," the girl replied, and Blair's vitality amazed everyone who knew him for the next fifty years. Like Kendall, Blair supported Clay in 1824, but the Relief War drove a wedge between them, and Blair drifted to his more natural alliance with the Jackson party. "I never deserted your banner," he told Clay, "until the questions on which you and I so frequently differed in private discussions—State Rights, the Bank, the power of the Judiciary, etc.—became the criterions to distinguish the parties."

Though Van Buren's friends had been suspicious of Duff Green since 1828, the initiative toward a new press was taken mainly by the Kentucky group. Kendall seems to have broached the subject to Blair in July, 1830. Blair, who was $40,000 in debt, required certain preliminary financial arrangements, which Kendall took care of, and late in the year Blair was called to Washington. The inner circle anxiously awaited this new champion, who was to chastise Duff Green, whittle down Calhoun and defend the administration.

The first number of the *Washington Globe*, as it was called, came out in December. Its editor meanwhile plunged more zestfully than Kendall into Washington life, attending parties and receptions, drinking sherry and champagne, and awakening in the morning with feelings which, as he sadly noted, "make a man fashionable and miserable." His wife vigilantly watched over his health, making him ride horseback daily, work in the garden and down a tumbler of rye whiskey after every meal.

Blair was profoundly impressed with the President. "I can tell you that he is as much superior here as he was with our generals during the war," he wrote after a few months. Jackson on his part warmed to Blair as he had to Van Buren and Kendall. "Give it to Blair," he would say when he wanted to reach the public (he pronounced it *Blar*), and Blair would convert the President's suggestions into fighting editorials.

IN A TIME of vague but intense apprehension a group so obscure in its workings as the Kitchen Cabinet became inevitably an object of deep suspicion, increased in Kendall's case by the fact that bad health kept him from appearing often in public. "He is supposed to be the moving spring of the whole administration; the thinker, planner, and doer," wrote Miss Martineau; "but it is all in the dark. Documents are issued of an excellence which prevents their being attributed to persons who take the responsibility of them; a correspondence is kept up all over the country for which no one seems to be answerable; work is done, of goblin extent and with goblin speed, which makes men look about them with a superstitious wonder; and the invisible Amos Kendall has the credit of it all." As Henry A. Wise shrilled in the House in 1838, "He was the President's *thinking* machine, and his *writing* machine—ay, and his *lying* machine! . . . he was chief overseer, chief reporter, amanuensis, scribe, accountant general, man of all work—nothing was well done without the aid of his diabolical genius."

Dr. Robert Mayo, a frustrated brain-truster, revenging himself in the modern manner by writing a book against the administration which refused to follow his advice, set forth the thesis that Kendall was bent on revolution. This vile purpose was expounded, according to Mayo in an unpublished manuscript, "the great principle of which was, that all the burthen of supporting internal improvements, city expenses, generally, should be laid upon those, and those only, who had property above the value of $6,000. . . . All above 6,000 dollars, would thus, in time, be razed down to that amount."

The theory of Kendall's ascendancy was accepted in less hysterical form by other enemies of the administration, including John Quincy Adams, who observed in 1840 of Jackson and Van Buren, "Both . . . have been for twelve years the tool of Amos Kendall, the ruling mind of their dominion." But there can be no doubt that Jackson dominated the Kitchen Cabinet and used it for his own purposes.

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Washington Notes

The UNO's Great Test

THE SPOTLIGHT'S on the UNO in New York this week. It's the most fateful conference since the war. The cauldron may simmer or it may boil over. There's little the average man can do save hope and stay cool. Russia has thus far chosen isolation. If we can work out a formula to live with Uncle Joe, this column is for it. A lot of sanctimonious criticism of Russia is being voiced by those who hate her and don't care too much for democracy either. But there comes a point where you have to draw the line.

We heard Senator Pepper's "put-yourself-in-Russia's place" speech in the Senate last week. He spoke strongly, sincerely, resolutely. He has real eloquence. It took courage to make the speech. We were proud that the Senate could offer such a forum and wish more Senators had heard it; we counted 22 as he finished, six Republicans. But for our money, Pepper would have been more effective if he had been less one-sided. What can you do with his interpolation, denouncing those who would make "a world conflagration out of the movement of a few troops a few miles into a neighboring territory" to resist an oil monopoly? The movement of "a few troops a few miles" is the heart of the issue; the question whether you have a single or a double world standard of morality. As this is written, there's hope of an off-stage settlement. And so we leave this bit of advice with UNO delegates:

"Gentlemen, once there were two City-states, Athens and Sparta. They had every reason to coöperate. They had the world to live in. Their wisest leaders pointed out the necessity for peace. But they fought. Why? Because they were afraid of each other. And, Gentlemen, they were both destroyed."

We have two political parties in this country, one of which doesn't know where it's going while the other seems trying to commit suicide. The Republican Party is not isolationist, but isolationists vote Republican. The Democratic Party has a mutinous legislative crew who seem bent on wrecking their ship. Now Chairman Hannegan, Henry Wallace and, most recently, President Truman in his Jackson Day dinner speech have called on the poll-tax, conservative Democratic wing to get into line with White House policies. Lacking the power of the parliamentary system to dissolve a recalcitrant legislature, a President must see his program blocked and frustrated. After patronage is exhausted, there's little he can do. Mr. Truman lacks the inspired gift of Roosevelt to rouse the public and dramatize an issue. Yet it is clear that the Democrats will destroy themselves if the present legislative disorganization continues. The GOP may well capture the House this fall, and such a victory almost inevitably forecasts GOP victory in 1948.

The GOP is split, too. Its skeleton is foreign policy. When Bob La Follette took his Progressives back into the Republican fold, he said the Democrats were hopelessly "stalled on dead center." He and Wayne Morse hope to liberalize the old party. Their attempt makes confusion more profound. Perhaps La Follette's latent isolationism also drew him to the Republicans. He believes in keeping clear of Europe's wars and is sincere in his views, whatever you think of his logic. But other Republicans are isolationist in a different sense; they favor big-navy imperialism, fondle the atomic bomb possessively and, above all, support economic nationalism. In many ways Stassen is liberal; but Stassen in the White House would, almost as certainly as Herbert Hoover, be the signal for a tariff boost by his party in Congress. He would have as much trouble holding back his fellows, if he tried to, as Truman is now having.

Until we can devise a system of discipline, the over-all prospect of party responsibility in Washington isn't bright. The La Follette-Monroney reorganization plan for Congress proposes creation of "policy committees" for parties in the legislature. They would formulate a yardstick of party position on major issues, against which the public could measure the performance of individual members as well as that of the party as a whole. The scheme represents a sorely needed first step and the experiment should be tried.

Meanwhile, the GOP has two specific tests of isolationism. These are the senatorial primary races of Shipstead in Minnesota and of Hugh Butler in Nebraska. These two isolationists are pitted against two GOP internationalists. The results will help tell which way the Elephant is pointing this fall.

Clifford J. Durr recently dissented from the other members of the FCC, objecting to the sale of the Stamford, Connecticut, radio station WSRR to the publisher of the Stamford *Advocate*. Now Stamford, a city of 61,000, has only one newspaper, one radio, and one ownership of both. Morris L. Ernst, in his new book, *The First Freedom*, points out statistically and in case histories the growing concentration of press, radio and motion-picture control in America. It's an alarming phenomenon. About one-third of all American radio stations are owned by newspapers; 10 states have no single city with competing papers. In the radio field, though the FCC overruled Mr. Durr, it did recently bring out, on March 7, a fascinating report on "Public Sevice Responsibility of Broadcast Licensees." It found a bad situation: increased devotion to advertising, little interest in local affairs, big profits in controlling the people's air waves. Nobody can rectify this situation but the FCC itself. It's to be hoped that it will take a stronger stand.

Notes.—Fantastic Ham Fish, aged "General" Coxey and the Chicago *Tribune* isolationist group, the American Coalition, were the only spokesmen against the British loan, whose chances seemed thereby enhanced. . . . The railroad lobby is putting on a huge drive to get through hurry legislation exempting them from the anti-trust suit now before the Supreme Court. Starvation note: Germans in the British zone get 1,000 calories of food; men in the Belsen prison camp got 800. . . . Washington quip: UNRRA is hard up for food, but at least it now has a little flower.

Washington T. R. B.

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Rootless Roots

TO TALK ABOUT the current dramatic success, "Deep Are the Roots," is necessarily embarrassing; you cannot exactly say to your readers—who are your guests, as it were—that anybody who thinks this is good writing is a person of boorish taste indeed, and that anybody who is deeply moved by these presentments is deeply simple. You have instead to go through a rigmarole of proving, explaining and quoting where such efforts are vain or worse.

I wrote briefly about "Deep Are the Roots" when it burst on our theatre, and I wrote mildly, describing it largely as rot with a certain theatrical facility and with a definitely popular and argumentative appeal. Then, with a troubled mind, I found myself trying to add notes to this early comment, comparing the play to the elements in "Strange Fruit" and "Jeb." "Jeb" failed, or was at least withdrawn, but what I said about it, as compared with "Deep Are the Roots," burned Mr. James Gow, one of the authors, into writing us a fiery letter alert with quotations from the play itself that seemingly should blast me.

Mr. Gow allows me my rights in thinking "Deep Are the Roots" a matter of "smooth rubbish," and then states the case against me. He has two points:

Mr. Young says, he writes, that "in both these plays" (he means "Jeb" and "Deep Are the Roots") "the soldier comes back and runs into the local prejudice, the Southern race problem, with its injustice—an injustice that, we should gather from these dramas, is confined solely to the South." On the contrary, Mr. Gow says, in "Deep Are the Roots," the one Northern character, in the climactic scene of the third act, says very emphatically and specifically, "God knows I can't give you the answer just because I'm from the North." To this he adds the remark that up North they have their darkies too, love them and treat them just as badly. So that's that. But anybody with any sense of the theatre medium knows that a few words thrown in, where images, actions and general setting are speaking, amount to nothing. I remember those lines quite definitely in the play. I remember quite well thinking at the time that they were a sop thrown in for the moment. But in any real sense such lines are not what Mr. Gow's letter seems to imply, an answer to my point. What they say has about this weight: suppose we had a scene or an act about the famine in Calcutta, and there are people falling on the pavements and dying before our eyes, with British officials marching by, et cetera, et cetera, and all the while the toll of famine plain before us, horrible and gripping, and then there was a chance line to say that in Brooklyn sometimes only a quarter-pound of butter could be bought per person. The language of the theatre consists of various elements besides words, and Mr. Gow must at least have heard of that fact and must know that such a squid of a side remark counts not at all.

Mr. Gow then objects to my saying that the drama of "Jeb" has a certain advantage over his drama-success in that its hero loves the South and means to stay there. In refutation he quotes from "Deep Are the Roots": the entire motivating action of "Deep Are the Roots," he says, consists of the Negro veteran's determination to stay in the South. This is home, the veteran says; his mother has lived on a dirt floor, but this is what he loves, the first cotton field he saw he almost cried, sometimes he almost forgot he was riding in a Jim Crow car. It would seem that Mr. Gow almost has me there. My remark was most misleading. And in fact I do regret that I did not express myself more precisely. I apologize to the authors of "Deep Are the Roots" for not being more exactly spoken.

What I should have said is that the emotional emphasis is not well established; the love of the South that was implied ought to have counted more definitely. I could have said that the speech cited against me by Mr. Gow was there all right in the play, but that it was immediately followed by the hero's lines about his determination to stay South for the betterment of the Negro conditions. That may be admirable, but it is not what I meant by love of the South, and who could think otherwise? Whatever the efficiency of the lines as quoted by Mr. Gow, they do not touch the real drift of that sociologically improving scene. In the theatre art it is the complete general movement, not a few jerking, quotable lines, that counts.

Dramatist Gow thus accuses me of "glaring falsehoods," and so they would be to simple minds avid for a literary fracas or some high moral fuddle. If you want to see what bosh he is capable of, read the introduction to the book of "Deep Are the Roots" (Scribner's, $2.50).

"Deep Are the Roots" appeared some time ago in print. I read it there, and noted the introduction signed by the two playwrights, and I decided that it was all either a case of adolescence on a paying basis or else a confusion equally johnny-on-the-spot; there seemed not a great deal to bother with any further. But looking through that introduction again, I am almost delighted to find that it is really a paradise for fools and revolutionary geese—what fun it is to talk like that, to stir the cackle of minky idlers, what silly violence could thus be projected, what inimical idiots incited. Mr. d'Usseau and Mr. Gow write an introduction strong enough to blast geraniums from nearby terraces: it is not chic to be emotional, the playwright must seize upon new and vital comment on the theatre; he must provide a happy solution—quite unlike that bold play a hundred years ago, "A Doll's House"—in controversial material he must not be inflammatory, and so on and so on, and good dramatists defy them. But who are they that say such stuff? And imagine taking them seriously! Either the authors have set up a straw man to knock over, or else they listen to a very stupid lot of acquaintances.

And as to the South they portray, we are told that it is nothing like so bad as that in Caldwell or William Faulkner, et cetera.—There are two answers to all that. Either the authors are incurably infantile or they are playing a shock-grandma game. And nobody would think them sillier than William Faulkner would. I have known him most of his life, and anybody who thinks his creation is merely Southern and realistic misses entirely the quality of his genius. He would be the first to say that "Deep Are the Roots" has the problems and types but not the quality of the Southern.

Meanwhile it is all logical, theatrical and cheap, full of talent, full of expert Broadway, full of trite emotions. People who have no sense of the genuine in the drama and

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who have no desire for any taste in literature may well read this play in its printed form. There are many dreadful precedents for its glib plausibility of statement.

STARK YOUNG

The Bandwagon

One member [of a subcommittee headed by Chairman May] emphasized that the [State Department] personnel objected to "should not be classified as Communists, but as pro-Soviets." "And at the present time the State Department is the worst place for them to be," he added. – *AP dispatch from Washington.*

For, although his putative father was a Jew, Goering had Milch declared a full Aryan in time for him to take command of the unborn air force on the Nazis' seizure of power in January, 1933, although the process entailed something of a blemish on his mother's reputation. – *Raymond Daniell in the New York* Times.

Peace in Europe can best be achieved by Christianity rather than democratic techniques, Dr. Henrich A. Rommen said Thursday at St. Thomas College, St. Paul. – *From the Minneapolis* Morning Tribune.

Mama Spank

McLean [Robert McLean, president of the Associated Press] listed personal prestige of Douglas MacArthur as a strong factor in behalf of democracy in the Orient, declaring a legend even has sprung up among Japanese that MacArthur's mother was Japanese, "which explains, of course, to the Japanese mind how he could conquer them." – *AP dispatch from Philadephia.*

How Sleep the Brave

The offer of poor-farm land was made because the presence of veterans anywhere else would affect property values, said the town's [Westport, Conn.] First Selectman (Mayor) Albert Scully. According to him, it is the "best" and "only" property available. – *From* PM.

Boola, Boola

Saito is an old man (75), a Yale alumnus, but nevertheless has a clear mind and is concise and direct—something which is rare among Japanese. – *Hanson Baldwin in the New York* Times.

Escape to What?

The Sun Life Assurance Society [British] announced today that its future life insurance policies would not pay if death results from atom bombs. . . . It was understood that other insurance companies intended to write similar escape clauses into new policies. – *UP dispatch from London.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of the New Republic. *Please enclose the original clipping.* – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

A Plea for World Aid

SIR: It is generally conceded that the United States has emerged from World War II as the most powerful single nation on earth. . . . This country alone among the warring powers has been spared not only the internal devastation but the physical exhaustion and psychological scars which are the inevitable by-products of war. This fact lays heavy responsibility on us. . . .

It is estimated that the 1945 American appropriations for UNRRA ($1,350 million) represented about the cost to the United States of five days of the war. So that the nations which suffered both invasion and bombing may be salvaged and returned to a relatively decent standard of living, so they can contribute to their own rehabilitation as well as to world stability, the American people, on their side, should be willing to give as generously for reconstruction and life-saving as they contributed for destruction and death. It would seem, therefore, that both compassion and intelligent self-interest call for a program of aid to Europe and Asia which would require an over-all expenditure of American labor and materials equal, at least, to the cost to us of one year of war. Such a program, incidentally, would certainly guarantee full employment for our own people for some time to come.

During the war, while using nearly half of our production for the war effort, the United States maintained a standard of living which was higher than the country had ever before experienced. . . . It seems logical that the labor of millions of men and women who are returning from military service will compensate for the loss of the labor of young people and women who return to school and home, provide the needed increase in replacement goods for the domestic market and still make possible the carrying through of a large-scale export program. We must also remember that during the war technological improvements increased the productivity per man in industry.

The exact amount which it would be practicable or wise to export, in consideration of the need to maintain a high standard of living here, would need to be estimated by experts, but we believe that the amount of exports possible would be comparable, or nearly comparable, to the war export program. The carrying through of such a program might make desirable a return of rationing, in order that we might have a well distributed supply of essentials, but we feel that the American people, if intelligently appealed to, would welcome the opportunity to save lives through the curtailing or postponing of their own purchasing of luxuries and nonessentials and the acceptance of rationing of some essentials.

We believe that the government should outline and present to the American people a plan for fulfilling our responsibilities to the rest of the world at this time, a plan which calls for an expenditure of American labor and materials equal at least to the amount spent for one year of war. The plan could show:

1. The amount of food, fuel, clothing and other supplies which would meet the minimum essential needs of the war-ravaged countries (including Germany and Japan) both during this winter and during the period of reconstruction.
2. The part of this need which will be filled by the UNRRA appropriations, plus the governmental loans which now seem probable, plus the anticipated gifts from private organizations.
3. The size and type of program which would represent the mobilization of our resources for all possible export compatible with retaining a good standard of living for our own people.
4. The meaning of a program commensurate with our ability in terms of sacrifice or postponement of American buying power for luxuries and nonessentials.

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5. The meaning of such a program in terms of employment of American labor.

6. The meaning of such a program in terms of lives saved, morale strengthened and good will generated toward our own people.

7. The possible meaning of such a program in terms of future foreign trade for our country and for the world.

8. The reason why we can afford to put on such a vast program. (A simple explanation of the nature of money, credit and debt is due the American people. Ignorance on this subject was responsible for our following a disastrous policy toward our debtors after World War I. Many people still do not know that we refused to take payment of the war debts in goods.)

9. What the lack of such a program may mean in terms of
Hatred for us from other nations who will resent our failure to do our utmost for them during these days of their suffering;
Fear of us on the part of other nations who know of our power for destruction;
Disease, which knows no barriers of nations;
Destruction of future foreign trade;
Possible war.

DOROTHY DETZER, Secretary
ELIZABETH HASWELL, Assistant Secretary,
Women's International League for Peace and Freedom
Washington, D. C.

A Practical Humanitarian

SIR: Now that the General Electric strike in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, has been settled, I should like to write to you about a local citizen, Leon Mohill, whose unremitting efforts during the strike on behalf of the workers were without parallel. . . . For years Mr. Mohill, the owner of a large newspaper-distributing company, has been known in and about Berkshire County for his humanitarianism, his generosity toward a needy college student, or a man whose business needed a financial lift, or anyone who was in financial difficulties. On his trucks carrying newspapers in Massachusetts, New Hampshire and eastern New York he had many Negro drivers earning the same wages as his white drivers, and in his office a Negro secretary. As a Jew, he had been an indefatigable leader and worker on behalf of his people both locally and nationally. But not until the strike hit Pittsfield did he really become a public figure. As soon as the strike began, when Pittsfield's streets started to buzz about the futility of the workers' cause and the stupidity of the union leaders, Leon Mohill announced the formation of a citizens' committee for workers' relief, enlisting the financial and moral support of outstanding local citizens.

Then on a Saturday afternoon, January 26, at a union mass meeting held in Park Square, Mr. Mohill, of middle age and height, his coat collar turned up to protect himself from the bitter Berkshire cold, mounted the platform to speak. The workers huddled close together as he addressed them: "I am here before you as an employer and businessman because I want to tell you how I feel about your present struggle, and how I think the citizens of Pittsfield feel about you. But when I say the citizens of Pittsfield, I can't very well separate you from the rest of the community, because, after all, who are the citizens of Pittsfield? Isn't it a fact that you workers, union or non-union, make up the majority of our community who pay taxes, who vote, who contribute to community funds and take part in all community affairs? Isn't it a fact that you did the fighting in this war on the production line as well as in the front lines? You made your sacrifices along with the rest of the citizens. So don't let yourselves be classed as a separate group, with a capital "L," with a fence separating you from the rest of us. . . . I am sure that you will win because right is on your side. And I am with you because I am on the side that is right and just."

Throughout the dreary weeks of the strike he worked closely with the local union leaders. He promised them that in case of trouble or violence they could use for bail part or all of his $135,500 estate. As chairman of the impartial Citizens' Aid Committee he was besieged day in and day out by needy workers, union and non-union, whose funds were running low. He was always there ready to serve.

The strike has now been settled, but it is good to know that when a small city in Massachusetts needed an enlightened, courageous and zealous humanitarian, it found one.

Pittsfield, Mass. DOUGLAS WOOLF

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Maurice Wyss of New York City, a veteran who entered the army as a private and was discharged a captain, disagrees with the editorial "Why GI's Demonstrate" (the *New Republic*, January 21). He says that it is not true that EM are treated worse than officers at courts-martial; in the cases he has seen, the courts have been scrupulous in giving soldiers the benefit of the doubt. He points out that the same rations were given to all in combat. He writes that a "rifle platoon cannot be run like a debating society," and notes that there was considerable up-grading from the ranks for soldiers who demonstrated leadership. He disagrees with our statement about "sadistic and incompetent officers," citing the high proportion of Congressional Medals awarded to officers in his division. Compared to the Red Army, he writes, our class differences are very slight. Mr. Wyss says that the demonstrations took place in rear areas and largely among replacements rather than combat troops. He cites several sentences from statements made by the demonstrators and compares them with an NMU pamphlet he received on his return to the United States, an exhortation against "American imperialism," and suggests that many of the leaders of the demonstrators have been following the Communist Party line.

Veterans who are planning to attend school under the GI Bill of Rights may want to write to Leon Alexander, Veterans' Director, California Labor School, 216 Market Street, San Francisco. Mr. Alexander writes us that the school, now in its fifth year, is sponsored and supported by the labor unions of that area and that it offers courses in labor organization and history, the social sciences, writing, and industrial art and design, and that "as many as 2,500 people attend its classes every semester, both at the school itself and in union halls."

Our New York readers may be interested to hear Malcolm Cowley, one of our contributing editors, speak at the Cooper Union Forum on March 31 on "Theodore Dreiser and His America."

L. P. Chambers of the St. Louis branch of the American Association for the United Nations, writes to point out some of the harmful effects of world-federation-now propaganda. Weakening the UNO, he says, would only create distrust among the nations who are not prepared for immediate federation and would probably lead to the creation of two world blocs, one of the English-speaking nations and one of Russia and her satellites. Mr. Chambers says that the UNO is the only instrument for international cöoperation now existing and thinks that it is better for nations to work together in it in the eventual hope of closer world organization.

Daniel Melcher, Director of the National Committee on Atomic Information, writes to explain that the committee was not set up to influence legislation, but to serve its member groups and the public with information; he adds that they "are attempting to supply, on demand, basic material about the question and educational items such as our Study Kit, which is available at one dollar."

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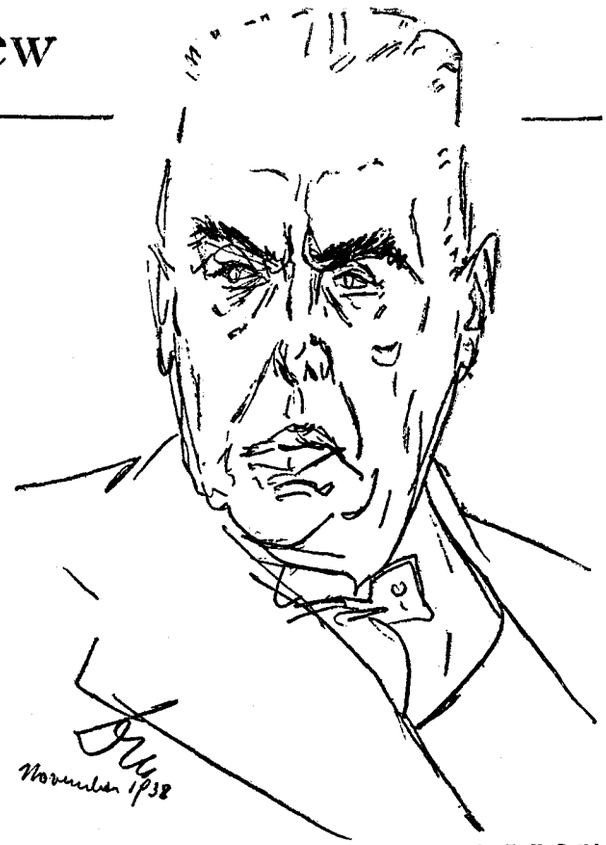
Books in Review

Dreiser: The Last Chapter



Drawn from life by B. F. Dolbin

THE APPEARANCE of *The Bulwark*,[1] three months after Dreiser's death and almost thirty years after it was first announced, coincides with the publication of a "memorial edition" of *An American Tragedy*,[2] which appeared originally in 1925. The coincidence serves to illustrate the familiar observation that what is perhaps Dreiser's best book was also his last work of any great importance. (The announced posthumous publication of *The Stoic*, the third volume of "A Triology of Desire"—*The Financier* and *The Titan* are the first two volumes—makes this necessarily a suspended judgment.) Certainly his infrequent political and literary journalism since 1925 adds little to the value of his work, although it contributes significantly to his biography. And it is to his biographers that we will have to turn eventually for an explanation of the delays surrounding the writing and publication of *The Bulwark* and *The Stoic*. As matters now stand we can examine *The Bulwark* with assurance only in itself and in relation to the earlier published novels. In this latter aspect it is at least interesting as a new portal to the recurring themes, preoccupations and techniques of Dreiser the novelist.

Solon Barnes is a "bulwark" of the Quaker faith and of the American way, devout in his religion and successful in his business undertakings. The son of a humble Maine farmer and tradesman, he has become a wealthy and powerful Philadelphia banker and patriarch. But his younger children, coming of age in the early 1920's, inevitably chafe at the restraints imposed upon them by their father's beliefs and values. (With heavy Dreiserian irony, the older son who shares the externals of Solon's faith is an inhuman prig and a cad.) The self-destructive career of his youngest son and the revelation of dishonesty in his business associates bring Solon to spiritual and physical purgatory, but before his death he makes a reaffirmation of faith in the Inner Light.

Although shorter than Dreiser's other novels, *The Bulwark* sprawls with characters and overflows with incident. Apart from the opening chapters where the details of Solon's early life are filled in, and the closing pages which record his anguish, the book suggests a synopsis rather than a completed novel. The stories of his several children are taken up sporadically and inadequately explored. Where they should have had their proper existences in relation to the larger story of the father, they have only fitful and isolated lives. Indeed the structural failures of *The Bulwark* highlight successful parallels in Dreiser's earlier work and suggest again that it is from the cumulative effect of infinitely wrought details that much of his art as well as his power derives.

We encounter once more the familiar themes: once again go over Dreiser's fathers and sons, his way of all flesh, his religion and the rise of capitalism, his theory of the leisure class, his history of the great American fortunes and—something new—his journal of John Woolman. We are reminded strongly of characters in the earlier novels: the waywardness of the sensuous Etta, Solon's youngest daughter, has been prefigured in the behavior of Carrie Meeber and Jennie Gerhardt; the worldly follies of the younger son, which lead to disgrace and suicide, pallidly reflect the actions of Clyde Griffiths, the protagonist of *An American Tragedy*; with Solon's wife we return to the silent, suffering woman who was Dreiser's mother and who appears in some guise in each of her son's books; Solon's business associates echo the ruthless hypocrites who choired Hurstwood's doom and the varying fortunes of Frank Cowperwood. Except for Solon's torment and final release, Dreiser has done this all before and, as a rule, immeasurably better.

More of a family chronicle than Dreiser's other novels, *The Bulwark* represents also a shift in focus from adolescence and youth to maturity and old age. It is interesting to notice that it was projected at about the same time as *The Stoic* (which was to cover Cowperwood's last years) and that it was put aside for, among other reasons, the writing of *An American Tragedy*, with which it bears the striking parallel we have already noted—and a significant difference. In *An American Tragedy* attention is focused on the child, although the influence of the parental background is carefully charted, especially the nature and limitations of the religious factor. In varying degrees this is the pattern of Dreiser's early novels. The parents and home life of Carrie and Jennie, of Cowperwood, Eugene Witla (in *The "Genius"*) and Clyde Griffiths are more or less quickly passed over, although their influence is felt per-

[1] The Bulwark, by Theodore Dreiser. Garden City, New York: Doubleday and Company. 337 pages. $2.75.

[2] An American Tragedy, by Theodore Dreiser. With an introduction by H. L. Mencken. New York: The World Publishing Company. 840 pages. $3.

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manently by the characters. In *The Bulwark*, however, the plot revolves about the father; the stories of the children are ancillary.

We are left, then, with at least two questions. Is the shift in interest in *The Bulwark* from the younger to the older generation Dreiser's attempt to justify the ways of fathers after so many accounts of their shortcomings? And after so many assertions of the mystery and terror of life are we to take it that in sympathetically recreating Solon's affirmation of faith, Dreiser, too, had come to believe that "surely there must be a Creative Divinity, and so a purpose, behind all this variety and beauty and tragedy of life"? Is *The Bulwark* Dreiser's *Billy Budd*, his "in His will is our peace"? If there is an answer, the biographer rather than the critic will provide it, but if James T. Farrell is correct in observing that Dreiser's novels are "autobiographies of the American dream," we must give each question a tentative affirmative, since the key word in Farrell's formulation is "autobiographies."

Notes. – It was to be hoped that H. L. Mencken's Introduction to the new edition of *An American Tragedy* would round out his magnificent study of Dreiser's early work in *A Book of Prefaces* (1917). Unfortunately Mencken has little enthusiasm for the book and devotes most of his space to reminiscing. . . . The Book Find Club, which made *The Bulwark* its April selection, publishes in its current *News* a symposium of tributes and critical pieces on Dreiser, the most informative of which is an account of "*The Bulwark* in the Making," by Marguerite Tjader, who was his secretary during the last year of his life.

GEORGE MAYBERRY

8 BOOKLETS BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

Bertrand Russell, the distinguished philosopher, mathematician, logician and Freethinker, recently said that he enjoyed writing booklets for E. Haldeman-Julius because he is given the fullest freedom of expression. In fact, it is only in essays written for Haldeman-Julius that Dr. Russell can give circulation to the mind-liberating thoughts he feels should be made known to the average person. Most standard publishers are afraid to issue works that are frowned on by the orthodox and conventional. Such a restriction is never encountered in the editorial department of the H-J Publications. In the booklets listed below Dr. Russell offers a feast of reason, information, logic, wit and rollicking humor. We present:

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No Longer Lost

This House Against This House, by Vincent Sheean. New York: Random House. 420 pages. $3.50.

ONCE CALLED LOST, the generation of American writers to which Vincent Sheean belongs found itself in the struggle against fascism. It was the fight against what fascism was, meant and threatened in Spain, China, Germany, Italy and a dozen other countries that drew the bright and brilliant young men from the ivory towers, from the highways of quests for personal fulfilment, from the byways of personal adventure, to the social arenas where ideas and arms commingle. It was the faith of anti-fascism that dried up the backwash of defensive cynicism after the recession of the wave of idealism which had made our participation in the First World War a crusade to save the world for democracy. And the young writers of Mr. Sheean's generation who had been the pace-makers of the jazz age also were the pioneers of the jitter age. First to turn from the disillusions of a war for world salvation toward a peace of personal escapism, they also were in the vanguard of those few who early saw the folly and futility of doubt and disbelief as devices of self-protection in an age when political tyranny could mobilize and exploit moral nihilism. Long before the general public, they saw and warned against the tragic ineffectuality of appeasement and Maginot-mindedness. Hating war, they were militants. Loving freedom, they sacrificed their personal freedom—and in some cases their lives too—in the struggle against men and forces which enslaved society.

Fascism has been defeated. Yet it is neither buried nor even dead. The anti-fascist struggle has won. Yet its essential ends are in greater jeopardy than ever. And men like Vincent Sheean, a warrior in the struggle from the days of *Personal History*, when it was more an anticipation than a fact, can neither rest upon nor enjoy their laurels. For the end turns out to be but a beginning. And the coming engagements of the struggle for freedom in humanity and dignified decency of the flesh and spirit loom up more difficult and dangerous than any of the past. For the combat for liberation and salvation now is complicated by a new and more dreadful struggle for the security and survival not of some men but of all men on this earth. In one of the many beautifully written passages of *This House Against This House*, Mr. Sheean says: "The single man could be happy in the aboriginal forest, as he was in Periclean Athens or the Renaissance, or as he may be today; but social man, man in society, courts disaster at a rate so vertiginous that his annihilation becomes a matter of where next he plants his reckless step or how much he can learn to think in a few years of grace."

This House Against This House is philosophical journalism of the highest order. Two-thirds of it—a central portion narrating Mr. Sheean's personal experience as an Army officer and correspondent in French North Africa, Italy, India, China and Germany—is full of the warmth of feeling, the sensitivity of perception and the fine literary flavor which, as in his earlier books, make persons and places come to life. There are confusions, too, and a tendency to let the heart sway the judgments of the mind in political matters, such as a curious defense of our North

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African policy for almost precisely the same reasons that quite properly lead to a brilliantly critical analysis of our Italian policy. But the explanation is not too hard to come by; unable to forget 1940, Mr. Sheean dislikes the French, who, he feels, went from one phony messiahship into another; and remembering the anti-fascists who fought and survived to make the *risorgimento of* 1943 and 1944, he likes the Italians. And in the sweep of the narrative, these are minor matters. Indeed, the narrative itself is less important than the introductory meditation, "Free Born," and the concluding anticipation, "Shadows of the Peace." Here passionate propaganda in the good sense of the word—in the sense of a spreading of a faith sweated out of a quarter of a century of living, seeing, learning, feeling and thinking—lifts the book from "personal history" into history.

This House Against This House is a brave and an honest book for the fact of its recognition "that the result was not that for which the anti-fascists of the world had consciously struggled through all of these years." There are doubts, there is bitterness in this book. And it is the more effective for the fact that through its pages, through its recital of the physical, intellectual and emotional experiences of a man as sensitive as he is intelligent, the drama of conflict between hope and despair, confidence and anxiety is so real and intimate that it compels the emotional participation of the reader. For Mr. Sheean quite plainly suggests that this house which is against this house is not only the tragically divided world in which we live; it is also the troubled house in which Mr. Sheean lives—his personality, in which emotions welling up from the unconscious do not easily resign themselves to reconciliation with conscious reason. It is this counterpoint of the personal with the social which provides rich and troubling overtones; without the emotionally sonorous counter-motif of the struggle to conquer personal doubt, the motif itself might be an unrewardingly cold argument.

The dominating motif of Mr. Sheean's symphony of ideas is the conviction that no division of the world into two rival systems is "necessary or desirable, that the two systems are susceptible of modification, that synthesis is the inevitable law of development, and that those who try to set forth or encourage *deliberate* antagonism between capitalism as it stands in America and socialism as it stands in the Soviet Union are enemies of humanity, not to be distinguished fundamentally from the disciples of Adolf Hitler. To discern the nature of these two systems and to make the opposition historically fruitful—in peace and production, not in war—is the task of the coming years."

Mr. Sheean calls himself a "socialist materialist." He professes to be a convinced rationalist. Again and again when people fail to see, as he does, plain "cause and effect," he is "exasperated." Even in India, where the "inconceivable passivity" of a non-rational people disgusts and horrifies him, he is sure we will make "discoveries in matter and energy" which will cleanse the emotional mysteries of the Indian unconscious. In Germany, he believes, "we should undertake to study and understand what Russia wants. . . . to adjust our conceptions, accommodate and integrate them with the Russian conceptions." But on one score—the most important of all—it is they, not us, who must understand the need for accommodation. And when we face this issue, Mr. Sheean, the veteran of the fight for freedom, admits "the long shadows of the unbroken immemorial Western past lie over us and make heavy our reluctant feet."

"The way of freedom," he writes in a lyrical dozen pages for which alone the book would be worth a permanent place in the literature of freedom, is "a concept which in spite of its insufficiency toward determined situations in complex industrial societies has still forever and always and again today set alight the fires of our will and desire. . . . With us the idea of freedom hangs like the sword of Damocles over the neck of power. A percept so obstinate, positive and general must be admitted as reality in the kind and to the degree that it is effective *(i.e.,* produces or influences action) which is, at the very least, psychologically. Since man *feels* free, he *is* free, at least in his own mind." It is this *feeling* of freedom, this *unconscious* feeling which, for Mr. Sheean, is the greatest problem of the synthesis he so passionately finds necessary and desirable. For here "a man's freedom as man (rather than as political animal) is most at stake."

And "the Western mind is made numb by the novelty of a system which, like that of the Soviet Union . . . sets out to create a social, economic, intellectual and political democracy so universal and profound that it would far surpass anything we have ever known in that direction, but does so largely by means of the abolition of practically everything which we could easily recognize as freedom." The Western mind is so unready, so unable to make "the logical disjunction" between democracy and freedom be-

"as entertaining as it is instructive . . ."

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Industrial Recreation, Purdue University

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cause "the freedom to struggle for freedom is Western man's social Ego and therefore identical with his society himself; this social Ego further mixed, inextricably, with the idea of democracy, is *unconscious* in the collective mind of the West."

In our dealings with the Russians, Mr. Sheean foresees, there will be pathetic confusion, lack of comprehension, bewilderment. But as "we go to speak an unknown language in a strange place . . . we know there are innumerable points upon which we already agree although we have not yet discovered it." For example, men who understand aircraft need no language to talk to one another. And Mr. Sheean's final caution is that "when the specific touches upon those larger areas behind us—all those centuries which are our point of departure—we must take thought, recognize our differences and endeavor by an exercise of the imagination not to gloss over them, never to gloss over them, but to understand them as they are at both terms of the antithesis where true antithesis appears."

Mr. Sheean, who was hired in his first job as correspondent because of Mussolini's March on Rome, admits that at the end of the long struggle against fascism he was "afraid of the peace." He still is. But in his concluding pages, where he wrestles publicly with his doubts, he comforts himself with the belief that "the ascension of the United States and the Soviet Union to supremacy in the public affairs of mankind," if not the solution for which the anti-fascists fought, is at least one with a "granite foundation of sense." And he feels the United Nations, far better than the League, is "for the first time in human history" a workable machine of international comity. "What comes of it depends in part upon the spirit and intentions of those who use the machine, and in part upon that immense area in the life of man which can never be wholly governed by political arrangements—his social, economic and psychological development, his ethical imperatives, the extent to which he is willing to generalize the best he has been able to achieve in life and minimize the worst."

A large order? Yes. But, says Mr. Sheean: "No less is required."

PERCY WINNER

Unions Now

The Truth about Unions, by Leo Huberman. New York: Pamphlet Press. 87 pages. $1.

This is an elementary account of the American trade-union movement written for that large body of citizens, including new union members, who have no direct experience of unionism and whose ideas on the subject are all too frequently derived from sources which are anything but objective. "The story, as it appears in these pages," says Mr. Huberman in the preface, "may come as a surprise to many people whose information about the labor movement comes largely from the press and radio. It is, none the less, the truth." The claim, I think, is justified. The book will no doubt be attacked as one-sided, but that is really a compliment rather than a criticism: this happens to be a case where the truth is also one-sided.

Mr. Huberman writes very clearly and simply—sometimes perhaps a little more simply than he needs to, though that is hardly for a professional economist to judge. He starts from the disadvantages suffered by the individual unorganized worker and shows how unions can improve his lot both as a wage-earner and as a citizen. He then devotes two chapters to the long-drawn-out and finally successful struggle for legal recognition and protection of unions. Well over half of the book is devoted to Part II, entitled "Union Structure," a succinct and up-to-date account of the various components of the American labor movement on the eve of its great postwar struggle for a full share of the benefits of high employment and technological advance. Part III deals with the commonest charges against unions; serious abuses are not denied, but they are put into proper perspective. The final chapter urges the need for a wide extension of unionism as the only road to higher living standards and a fuller democracy.

In this last chapter, Mr. Huberman sums up labor's case for public support in the following terms: "What is good for labor—most of the people—must be good for the community. Promote the welfare of the workers and you promote the general welfare." Agreed, but this should not blind us to the fact that the capitalist economy is built upon the diametrically opposed thesis: "What is good for business is good for you." There is a conflict here that goes to the roots of our present-day social ills. It would be a public service if Mr. Huberman would follow up this admirable book on unions with another, addressed to the same audience, which would analyze this conflict and point the way to a genuine solution.

PAUL M. SWEEZY

An Orvil Bore

In Youth Is Pleasure, by Denton Welch. New York: L. B. Fischer. 230 pages. $2.50.

Just a year ago in these columns, I wrote of Mr. Denton Welch's first book, *Maiden Voyage*, that it was "rare, these days, to read a new author and feel impatient to see his next book." *In Youth Is Pleasure* is Mr. Welch's next book, and it is a sad disappointment. It is a disappointment to find in an author's "second" book more of the faults, many fewer of the virtues, than there were in his "first." The reader's sole consolation, in this case, is his probable conclusion that while the volume under review is published after *Maiden Voyage*, it must surely have been written before that book.

It is regrettable that so many talented young writers wreck their early efforts by rushing too soon into print. Again and again, material that might have gone to make a good novel is squandered on personal reminiscence, on murky, undigested exaggerations of adolescence—those gloomy, important years on which our lives are built, but to which only a very few mature, first-class writers have managed to do justice on paper.

It is significant that *In Youth Is Pleasure* also precedes *Maiden Voyage* in time. The events of the former book lead up to those of the latter. The chief technical difference in the writing is that in the "first" volume the story was told by means of straight autobiography, while in the "second" the author has attempted, in vain, to conceal his identity behind the pen-name of Orvil Pym. Long before

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the end of this very slim volume Orvil Pym, I regret to say, becomes an awful bore. Aged fifteen, he is spending a summer vacation with his father and two elder brothers in a hotel on the Thames. Intensely narcissistic, he is filled with obsessions and fears. Of himself he writes far too much and with shocking amateurishness. Paragraph after paragraph begins: "Orvil has originally discovered. . . . Orvil hurried past them. . . . Orvil shut the door. . . . Orvil passed out of the dark shrubbery. . . ." After himself, Orvil's main preoccupation is with (guess!) his "fascinating, sunburnt mother . . . who thought Mary Baker Eddy was as good as Jesus," who died when Orvil was twelve, and about whom he twice has to tell the story of how she beat him with the "wrong side" of a hair-brush. Orvil, believe it or not, has a "very feminine, fastidious self" which tells him that "his fine-looking, extremely fair brother . . . his dear brother, so charming and white and clean" would be "quite spoilt for him" after Orvil had come upon him "carrying two brimming latrine buckets." This fastidious self, however, doesn't prevent him from kicking in the face of an unfortunate schoolmaster on whom Orvil, for some unaccountable reason, has paid a coquettish visit, in his lonely hut in the woods. In the midst of a wildly hysterical scene Orvil is finally floored by the man, a drop of whose blood splashes "warm and sickly against the corner of [Orvil's] mouth. . . . He tasted the salt. 'It's beef-tea,' he thought. 'Nurse used to say it was beef-tea.'"

That nurse evidently didn't convince her charge. By the time you're through with Orvil, you're under the impression he has blood on the brain. He sees blood everywhere. The pages of this book are red with it. Orvil's heart was "soft, bleeding, frightening as butcher's meat"; and when he hears the hotel orchestra, even the violins are "bleeding plaintively."

When I had read *In Youth Is Pleasure* I had a nasty vision. I saw a figure with a waxed moustache and a four-letter name leaping through the glass of a Fifth Avenue window. Nevertheless, Mr. Welch wrote *Maiden Voyage*, and I still feel impatient to see his next book. Let's hope it will have been written *after* the two already in print.

JAMES STERN

What's in Store

Endless Horizons, by Vannevar Bush. Washington: Public Affairs Press. 182 pages. $2.50.

SEVENTEEN collected papers of the Chairman of the National Defense Research Committee and Director of the Office of Scientific Research and Development touch on machines for thinking and calculating, medical research, scientific education, atomic control, government's role in scientific research, patent reform and other matters. Dr. Bush is a scientist with a vigorous and inventive mind, leaning toward engineering rather than abstraction or philosophy. His bent is illustrated by the awesome picture which he sketches of the desk of the future, which will contain whole libraries in microfilm, together with records of everything the owner has noted down, ready to be scanned on translucent screens at the touch of buttons. It will be provided with "memex," an electronic index patterned after the associative process of the human mind so that it will virtually do his thinking for him. This desk would take hundreds of years to fill at the rate of 5,000 pages a day. Together with mathematical machines not only to solve equations but to perform logical processes and select desired material out of endless records, it will permit man to extend the capacity of his mind, as through power and machinery he has already extended the capacity of his muscle.

G. S.

New Republic News

Helen Fuller was in New York for several days this week. Our Washington correspondent zoomed into the office to make a calm, unruffled landing alongside two telephones. Inside of twenty minutes, our telephone bill went up thirty dollars. Helen had talked with labor leaders, government officials, correspondents just going, just coming, or already there, and had three or four hot leads for next week's issue without disturbing one hair of her blond coiffure. After 48 hours of Manhattan she began to fidget and stew, packed her bag and dashed off for Washington, saying, "Nothing ever happens in this town—give me the good old Senate."

President Truman's copy for the Roosevelt supplement is in. We have also a file of Franklin Roosevelt's productions as a schoolboy—his impressions of Shakespeare, his love of taxidermy, and much more material never before published.

"Down Fifteen" is the cry which currently rings through *NR* corridors and into the editors' offices. It doesn't mean we have coined a new phrase in the battle to keep prices down, or advocate the extension of Texas boundaries to the south, but merely that we want the elevator to stop for us so we can get some lunch or make a quick trip to the Steinberg Press. The "up" and "down" elevator buttons don't work. Any suggestions from elevator-signal-fixer *NR* readers?

CONTRIBUTORS

E. SCHLOSS is the well known politcial cartoonist of the French newspaper, *France-Amérique*. His work has appeared frequently in the New York *Times*, the New York *Herald Tribune* and a number of other periodicals.

BERNADINE CUSTER, who studied at the Art Institute of Chicago, has had several one-man shows and is connected with the Midtown Gallery in New York City. Her work is in the permanent collections of several museums, including Brooklyn, Detroit, the Metropolitan, the White House and the Whitney (New York).

B. F. DOLBIN was born in Vienna, and after a distinguished European career as an illustrator, cartoonist and portraitist, came to New York in 1935. He has exhibited extensively and contributes art work to many publications.

PERCY WINNER spent 14 years in Western Europe as a foreign correspondent, half of them in Italy and Germany under fascism, and was for three years an OWI Deputy Director for Field Operations.

JAMES STERN, who lives in New York City, is the Irish author of two collections of short stories, *The Heartless Land* and *Something Wrong*.

PAUL M. SWEEZY is the author of *The Theory of Capitalist Development*, a second printing of which, containing a long new preface, will be issued shortly by the Oxford University Press.

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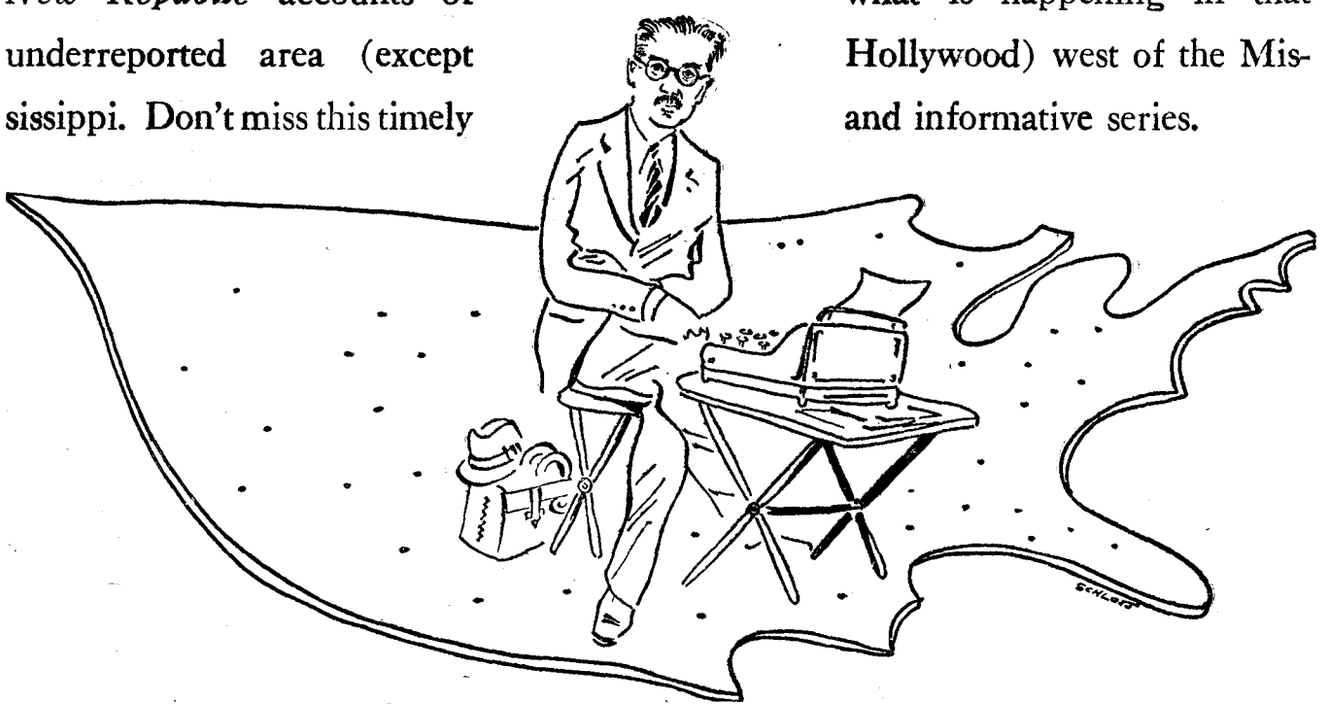
Mr. Bliven is looking at Texas, California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Utah, Colorado and places in between and adjacent thereto. He is sending back to the *New Republic* accounts of what is happening in that underreported area (except Hollywood) west of the Mississippi. Don't miss this timely and informative series.



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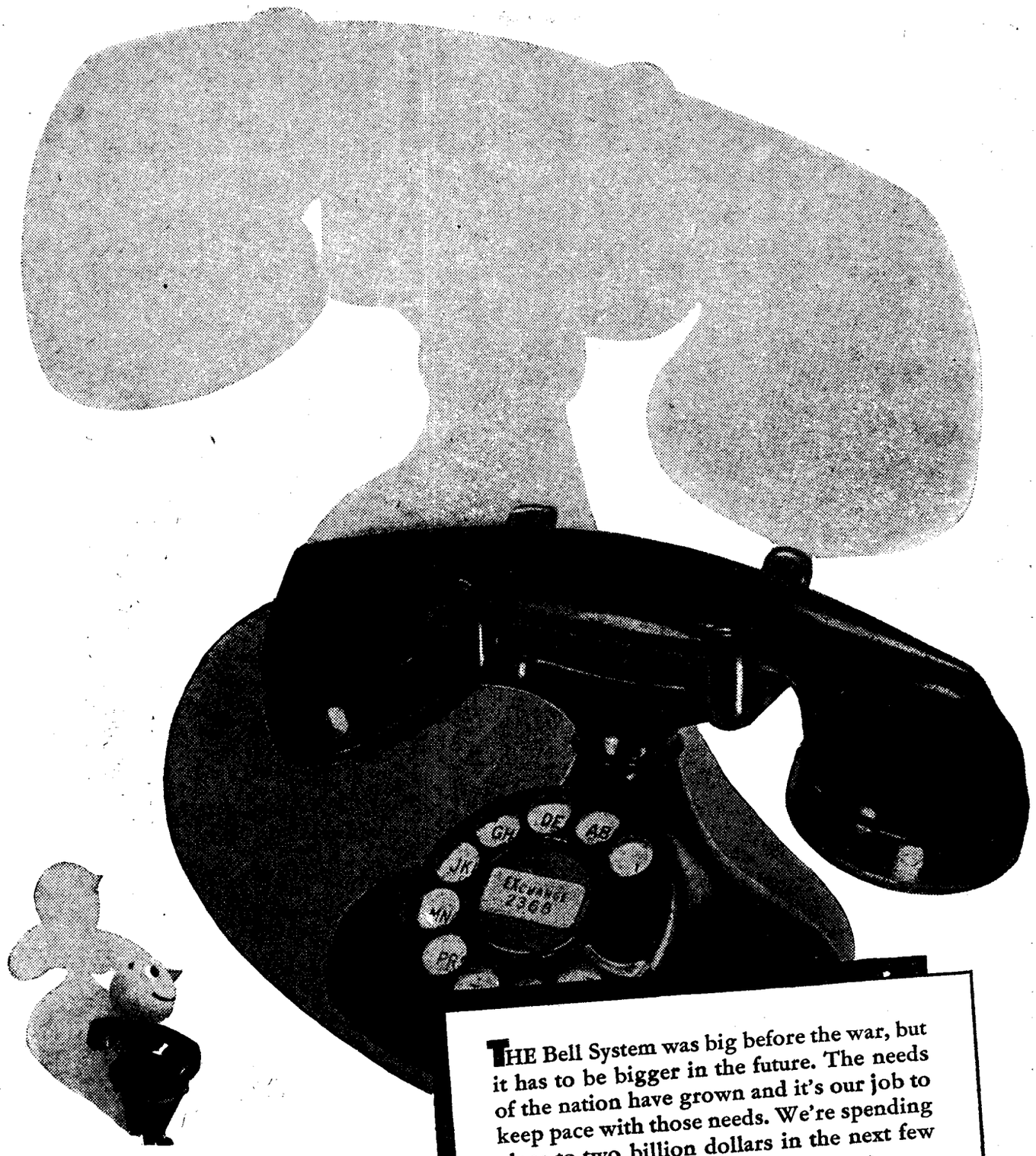

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